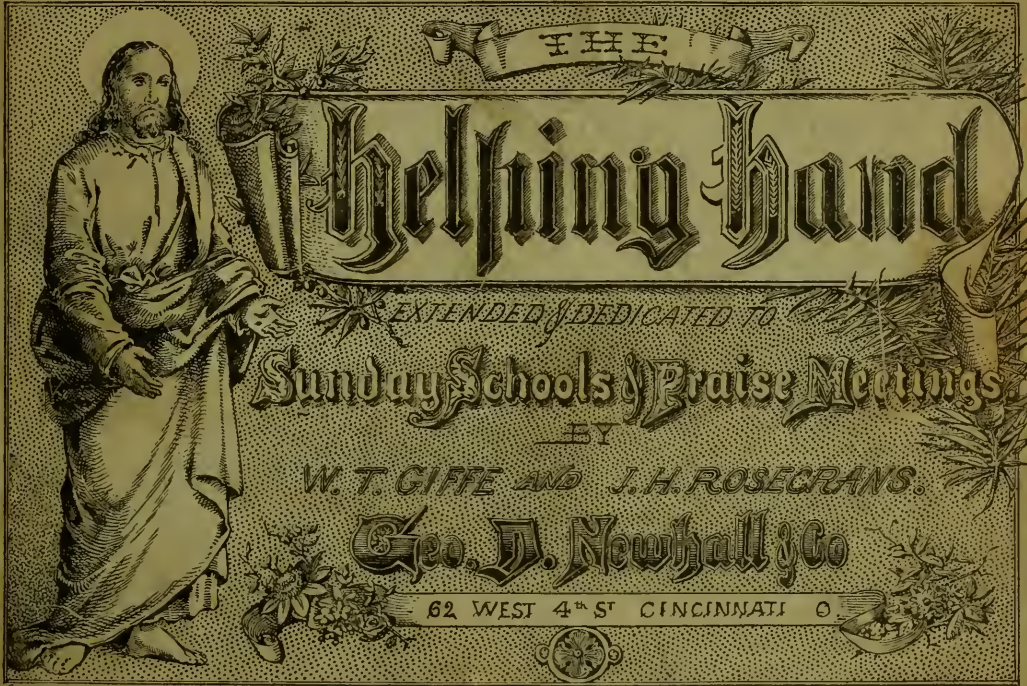


Geo. A. Newhall.

"By songs of praise, and heavenward prayer,



EXTENDED & DEDICATED TO
Sunday Schools & Praise Meetings
—BY—

W. T. GIFFE AND J. H. ROSEGRANS.

Geo. D. Newhall & Co

62 WEST 4th ST CINCINNATI O

Stapton, del.

God's helping hand, shall guide thee there."

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Division

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Section

2851

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THE

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.



In presenting "THE HELPING HAND," the aim has been to provide a work suited to the wants of children, and we trust it will be appreciated and used by teachers and adults. The following names appear as contributors to this Work, and insure a large and pleasing variety in its contents

<i>W. T. Giffé.</i>	<i>Harry Sanders.</i>
<i>J. H. Rosecrans.</i>	<i>G. W. Cunningham.</i>
<i>L. O. Emerson.</i>	<i>A. O. Perkins.</i>
<i>W. H. Doane.</i>	<i>J. W. Foutz.</i>
<i>C. R. Leftwich.</i>	<i>R. A. Glenn.</i>
<i>A. N. Gilbert.</i>	<i>J. C. Davis.</i>
<i>W. A. Ogden.</i>	<i>W. S. Montgomery</i>
<i>J. A. Smith.</i>	<i>T. P. Westendorf.</i>
<i>J. H. Fillmore.</i>	<i>T. W. Hubbard</i>
<i>W. H. Burgett.</i>	<i>J. M. Pelton.</i>
<i>Samuel Tracy.</i>	<i>H. R. Palmer.</i>
<i>C. J. Ward.</i>	<i>T. C. O'Kane.</i>
<i>W. S. Marshall.</i>	<i>C. H. Gabriel.</i>
<i>Frank M. Davis.</i>	

THE Heavens declare the glory of God,
and the firmament sheweth his handywork.
His glory is above the earth and Heaven.

Exalt the Lord our God
and worship at his holy hill.

He also exalteth the horn of His people,
the praise of all His saints.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,
and His courts with praise.

Let the people praise Thee, O God,
let all the people praise Thee.

Praise Him with the stringed instruments and organs.

It is good to sing praises unto our God.

No man could learn that song, but the forty and four
thousand that were redeemed from the earth.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised
in the mountain of His holiness.

His name above is excellent.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O God,
and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom
of our God and the power of his Christ.

Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He
shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

TO EXAMINING COMMITTEES.

The following are among the characteristic pieces of this book, viz.: pages 4, 7, 8,
9, 10, 12, 14, 19, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 21, 36, 38, 40, 41, 48, 50, 55, 56, 61, 66, 81, 83, 91,
92, 94, 96, 97, 102, 108, 110, 128, 114.

THE HELPING HAND.

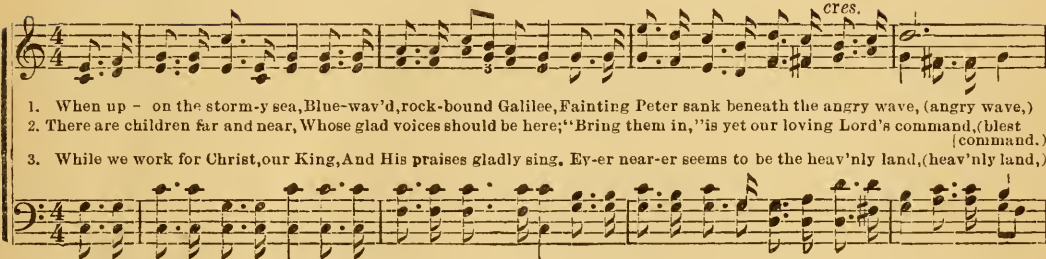
THE HELPING HAND.

S. S. GORBY.

"Jesus stretched forth His hand and sought Him." MATT. 14 : 31.

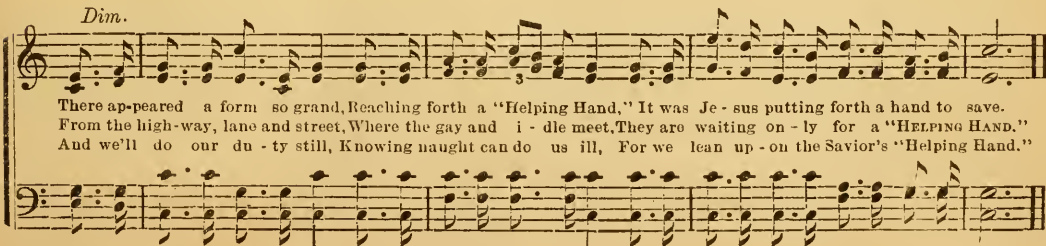
W. T. GIFFE.

cres.



1. When up - on the storm-y sea, Blue-wav'd, rock-bound Galilee, Fainting Peter sank beneath the angry wave, (angry wave,) 2. There are children far and near, Whose glad voices should be here; "Bring them in," 'is yet our loving Lord's command, (blest command.) 3. While we work for Christ, our King, And His praises gladly sing, Ey-er near-er seems to be the heav'nly land, (heav'nly land,)

Dim.



There ap-peared a form so grand, Reaching forth a "Helping Hand." It was Je-sus putting forth a hand to save. From the high-way, lane and street, Where the gay and i-dle meet, They are waiting on-ly for a "HELPING HAND." And we'll do our du-ty still, Knowing naught can do us ill, For we lean up-on the Savior's "Helping Hand."

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

REV. J. FLEMING.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Ful - ly armed with sword in hand, On life's bat - tle field I stand; Called a sol - dier
 2. Marching slow - ly day by day, Of - ten halt - ing by the way; Yet from heav'n de -
 3. For my Captain's by my side, And with ev - 'ry arm sup - plied, I'll not lay my

Chorus.

to the strife, To ob - tain a crown of life. O, hap - py, hap - py they who win!
 riv - ing strength, I shall gain the prize at length.
 ar - mor down, Till I reach the gold - en crown.

Conq'ring ev - 'ry foe and sin, Till the mansions bright they enter in, To live and reign with Je - sus.

From "Joy Bells," by per.

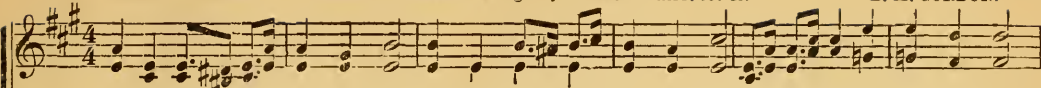
COMING TO JESUS.

5

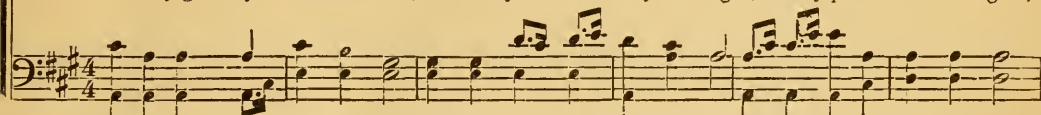
REV. C. MARTINDALE.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

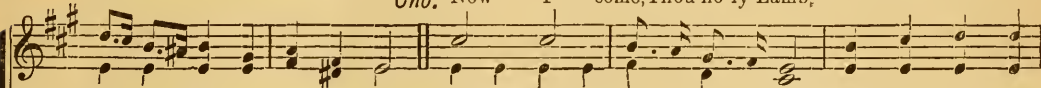
L. M. GORDON.



1. Je-sus calls, He bids me come, Lost in sin and guilt I am; Now he speaks, invites me home,
2. Lord, I've wandered far from Thee, Sinned against Thy ho-ly love, But thy glorious face I see;
3. Now I rest in Thy em-brace, May I feel Thee ev-er mine; Now I see Thee face to face,
4. To Thy glo-ry I would live, Praise Thy name both day and night; All my pow'rs to Thee I give,



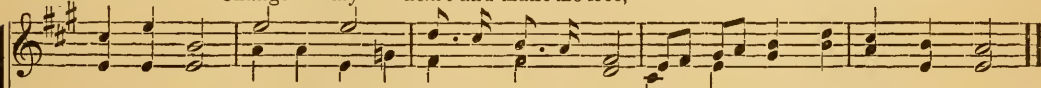
Cho. Now I come, Thou ho-ly Lamb,



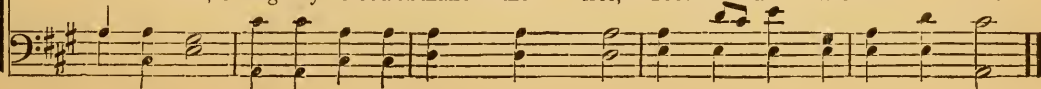
I am Thine, thou ho-ly Lamb. Now I come, thou ho-ly Lamb, Hear and save me
Lead me home to heav'n a-bove.
May Thy glo-ry ev-er shine.
Praise Thee for Thy precious light.



Change my heart and make me free,



as I am, Change my heart and make me free, Precious Lamb I come to Thee.



JESUS, SAVIOR OF MY SOUL.

"And whatsoever we ask we receive of Him because we keep His commandments."—1 JOHN, 3 : 22.

REV. T. J. SHELTON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, Sa - vior of my soul, May I ev - er Thee a - dore; Let Thy word my life con -
 2. Make me ho - ly, good and kind, With thy ho - ly Spir - it seal; Give to me a peaceful
 3. Lord, I know my off - ring's small, All I am and have are Thine; I will give my - self, my

trol, Bind me to Thee ev - er - more; Save me, Lord, from se - cret sin; Cleanse Thou
 mind, Hear, oh hear my heart's ap - peal. Thou, O Lord, I crown my king, Reign Thou
 all, If Thou on - ly wilt be mine, Rich in glo - ry shall I be, If The

my de - ceit - ful heart; Help me strive the crown to win, Bid the temp - er now de - part.
 in my hum - ble soul, While to Thee in joy I sing, 'Mid the fear - ful thunder's roll.
 ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, Bring me joy and love from Thee, Thro' Thy bless - ed, ho - ly word.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE ?

7

"And at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book."—PHIL. 4:3.

W. T. GIFFE.

W. T. G.

1. In the Lamb's book of life that is kept in heav-en, Are writ-ten the names of
 2. All the good that I do is there re-cord-ed, And in heav-en by this I'll
 3. Tho' my life may be fraught with tri-als fear-ful, I can bear with it all, and my

Chorus.

those for-giv-en; Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there?
 be re-ward-ed; Is my name writ-ten there?
 heart be cheer-ful, If my name's writ-ten there'

Is my name writ-ten there? In the Lamb's book of life, Is my name writ-ten there?

CHRISTIAN BATTLE SONG.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world."—JOHN 5: 4.

W. T. GIFFE.

W. T. G.

With enthusiasm.

1. Send a shout along the line, Reinforcements coming! Round Immanuel's banner, See them bravely thronging!
 2. See, the foe is faltering now! Truth has vanquished error! Foiled are Satan's forces, Back they fly in terror!
 3. Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Comes the King of glory! All ye happy angels Join to tell the story,

Fierce the battle wages, Strong the hosts of sin; But our great Commander Will the victory win.
 Forward! now, my brothers! Shout it down the line! Re-inforcements coming! See their arm-or shine!
 Je-sus, our Re-deem-er, Tri-umphs o-ver sin! Ring the bells of heav-en! Glo-ry be to Him!

Chorus. f

Shout! shout the victory? Vict-ory o-ver sin! Long and fierce the conflict, But the right will win.

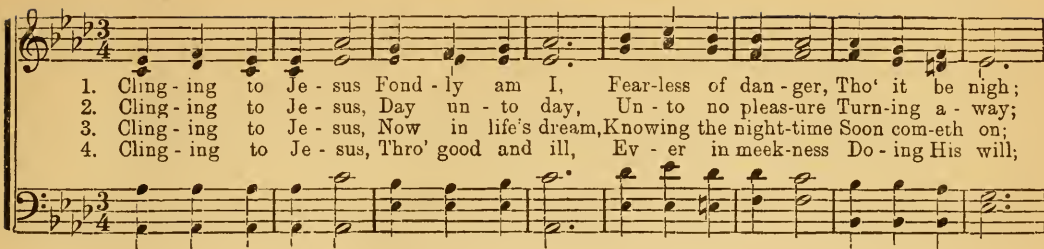
CLINGING TO JESUS.

9

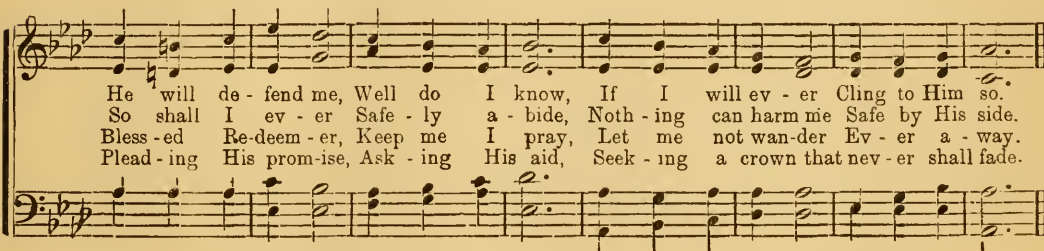
E. R. LATTA.

"I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."—JOSH. 15,

W. T. GIFFE.

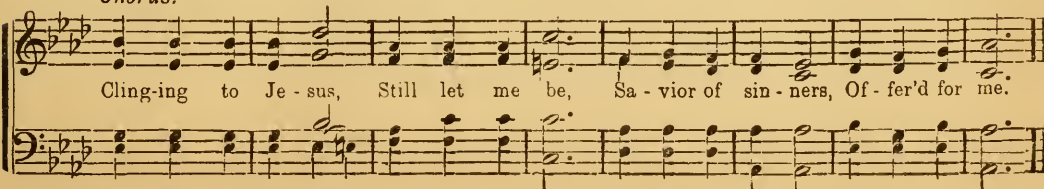


1. Cling-ing to Je-sus Fond-ly am I, Fear-less of dan-ger, Tho' it be nigh;
 2. Cling-ing to Je-sus, Day un-to day, Un-to no pleas-ure Turn-ing a-way;
 3. Cling-ing to Je-sus, Now in life's dream, Knowing the night-time Soon com-eth on;
 4. Cling-ing to Je-sus, Thro' good and ill, Ev-er in meek-ness Do-ing His will;



He will de-fend me, Well do I know, If I will ev-er Cling to Him so.
 So shall I ev-er Safe-ly a-bide, Noth-ing can harm me Safe by His side.
 Bless-ed Re-deem-er, Keep me I pray, Let me not wan-der Ev-er a-way.
 Plead-ing His prom-ise, Ask-ing His aid, Seek-ing a crown that nev-er shall fade.

Chorus.



Cling-ing to Je-sus, Still let me be, Sa-vior of sin-ners, Of-fer'd for me.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

GUTHRIE.

"Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6 : 37.

G.

Moderato.

1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, So wea-ry, faint and sore. I'm wait-ing for the dawning
 2. A wea-ry path I've travel'd, 'Mid darkness, storm and strife; Been bearing many a bur-den,
 3. Methinks I hear the voi-ces Of lov'd ones as they stand. Sing-ing in the sunshine

The op'-ning of the door; I'm wait-ing till the Mas-ter Shall bid me rise and come
 Been struggling for my life; But now the morn is break-ing, My toil will soon be o'er,
 Of that bright, heav'nly land, Oh, would that I were with them, A-mid the shin-ing throng,

Refrain. pp

To His all glo-rious presence The gladness of His home. Kneeling at the threshold
 I'm kneeling at the threshold, My hand is on the door.
 And mingling in their wor-ship, And join-ing in their song.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.—Concluded.

11

ad lib.

Wear - ry, faint and sore; Kneel - ing at the threshold, My hand is on the door.

This block contains the musical notation for the first piece. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

SAVED BY GRACE.

"By grace we are saved."—Eph. 2 : 8.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Sav'd by grace, oh, bless-ed tid-ings, Won-der - ful His love to show, Je - sus died to bring sal - va - tion
 2. Sav'd by grace, oh, bless-ed tid-ings, Je - sus drank the cup for me, Bow'd His head and cried 'tis finish'd,"
 3. Sav'd by grace, oh, blessed tid-ings, Hap - py he who can re-peat, Who can sing re - demp-tion's sto-ry,
 4. Sav'd by grace, I'll sing for-ev - er, Tell the wondrous news abroad, Spread the gospel tid ings ev - er,

This block contains the musical notation for the second piece. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Chorus.

To the per - ish-ing be - low. Sav'd by grace, oh, blessed thought, By my Savior's blood was bought.
 Now my soul is counted free.
 Sit - ting at the Savior's feet.
 "Wor - thy is the Lamb of God."

This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the second piece. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

WORKING FOR THE MASTER.

S, S. GORBY.

"Work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts."—HAGG. 2. 4.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Let us work with our might, let us do what we may, What our Sa - vior commands, let us
 2. And as time, the bold reap - er, moves swift - ly a - long, Let us keep to the right, nev - er
 3. Let us walk in the path where the Sa - vior has trod, For it leads un - to life in the

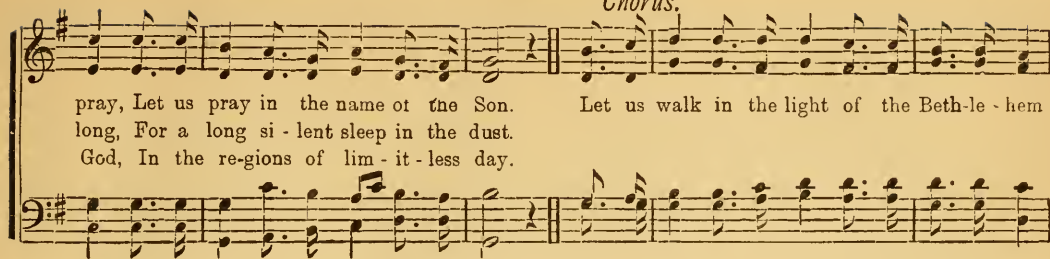
work while 'tis day, For the night com - eth soon, and the light flies a - way, Flies a
 swerve to the wrong, And in vir - tue's fair paths, ev - er walk and be strong We'll be
 Pal - ace of God; And e'en tho' our poor bod - ies must lie 'neath the sod, 'neath the

way, and no work can be done; Let us la - bor and watch, let us la - bor and
 strong, we'll be up - right and just, Till we're call'd on to fold our weak arms for a
 sod where our Sa - vior once lay, They'll a - gain rise to life in the Pal - ace of

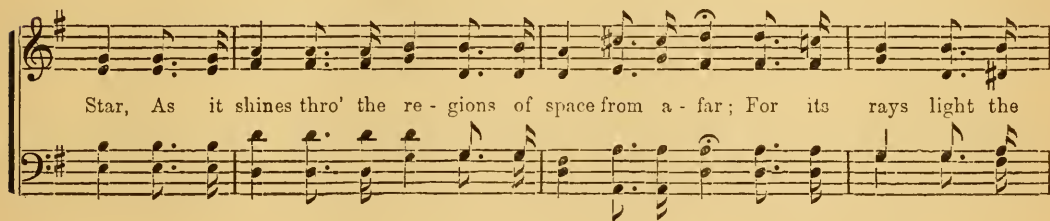
WORKING FOR THE MASTER.—Concluded.

13

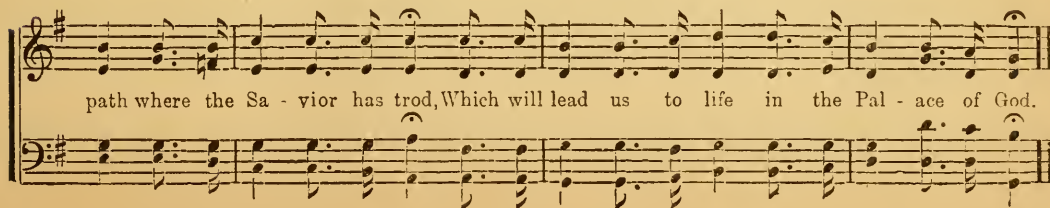
Chorus.



pray, Let us pray in the name of the Son. Let us walk in the light of the Beth-le-hem
long, For a long si-lent sleep in the dust.
God, In the re-gions of lim-it-less day.



Star, As it shines thro' the re-gions of space from a-far; For its rays light the



path where the Sa-vior has trod, Which will lead us to life in the Pal-ace of God.

CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

"He only is my rock and my salvation."—Ps. 62: 2.

C. R. LEFTWICH.

1. When the tem-pest ra-ges high,
 2. When 'mid drifting wrecks I'm cast,
 3. When the conq'ring waves shall close,

Sail-ing on life's stormy sea;
 Darkness set-'ling thick a-round,
 Proudly o'er me as I die,

When the tem-pest ra-ges high, Sail - - ing on life's stormy sea,

Storm-y bil-lows I de-fy,
 Hope shall lift her light at last,
 O-ver these brief victor foes,

If I then may on-ly be,
 If I then be on-ly found,
 I shall triumph bye and bye,

Storm - - y bil lows I de-fy, If I then may on-ly be,

Chorus.

Cling-ing to the Rock. Cling-ing to the Rock, Cling-ing to the
 Cling-ing to the Rock.
 Cling-ing to the Rock.

Cling-ing to the Rock, Still cling-ing,

Rock, I shall triumph by and by, . . . , . Clinging to the Rock.

still cling-ing, I shall triumph by and by,

Detailed description: This is a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

SWEET SABBATH EVE.

S. S. GORBY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sweet Sab - bath eve, My thoughts I'll weave In - to po - et - ic wreaths for thee;
 2. O Sab - bath eve, I sad - ly grieve That from my Lord so oft I stray;
 3. Sweet Sab - bath eve, Wilt thou but leave Thy sweet im - pres - sions on my heart,

With tune - ful art, I'll teach my heart That Sab - bath eves were made for me.
 But sad - der still would be each thrill If 'twere not for the Sab - bath day.
 The pain that now en - wraps my brow Will in a fu - ture day de - part.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

I LOVE THEE MORE AND MORE.

T. J. SHELTON.

"There is no fear in love."—I. JOHN 4: 18.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I love Thee more and more, My Sa - vior, Lord; A joy ous love is
 2. My love is pure and true, A peace - ful rest; No fear in love like
 3. My love is all I have, I give it free; The foun - tain of my
 4. Ac - cept my love, O Christ, Hear Thou my plea; Keep me, O Lord, thro'

Chorus.

mine, In sweet ac - cord, I love Thee, Oh, I love Thee,
 Thine, Thou lov - est best.
 soul, It flows from Thee.
 all E - ter - ni - ty.

More and more I love Thee; I know thy love, my Sa - vior, Thy love for me.

ROOM FOR JESUS.

17

T. J. SHELTON.

"There was no room for them in the inn.—LUKE 2: 7.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Je - sus, I have room for thee In my hum ble dwell - ing; Come to me, a
 2. Room for Thee in morn - ing light, Gath - ring bright - est flow - ers; Show to me the
 3. Room for Thee at noon - tide hour, By the flow - ing foun - tain; Tell me of Thy
 4. Room for Thee when shades of night All the world doth dark - en; Tell me of Thy
 5. Room for Thee, O bless - ed Lord, Thro' the years e - ter - nal; By the bliss - ful

Chorus.

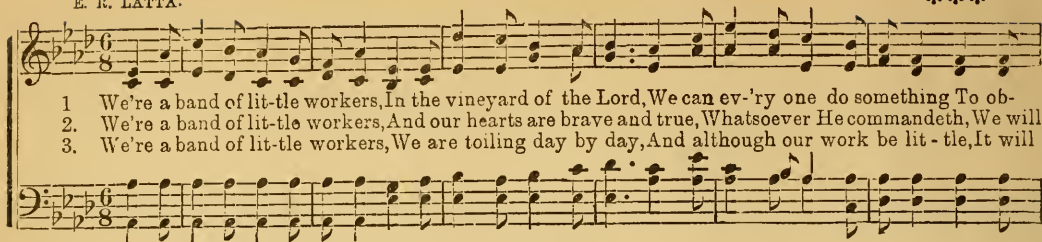
wel - come guest, E - vil ones ex - pell - ing, Room for Thee, room for thee! O thou man of
 rich - est pearls, In the dew - drop show - ers.
 rug - ged cross, Borne to Calv - ry's moun - tain.
 night of pray'r In the gloom - y gar - den.
 E - den shore, In the light su - per - nal.

sor - row; Thou with me, and I with Thee, All the bright to - mor - row.

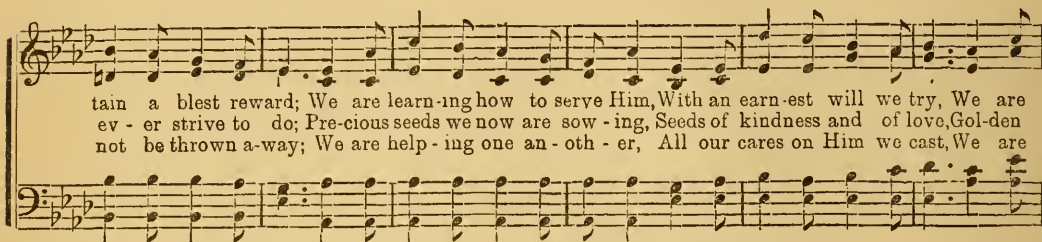
WE'RE A BAND OF LITTLE WORKERS.

"Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest."—HEB. 4: 11.

E. R. LATTA.



1 We're a band of lit-tle workers, In the vineyard of the Lord, We can ev'-ry one do something To ob-
 2. We're a band of lit-tle workers, And our hearts are brave and true, Whatsoever He commandeth, We will
 3. We're a band of lit-tle workers, We are toiling day by day, And although our work be lit-tle, It will



tain a blest reward; We are learn-ing how to serve Him, With an earn-est will we try, We are
 ev - er strive to do; Pre-cious seeds we now are sow-ing, Seeds of kindness and of love, Gol-den
 not be thrown a-way; We are help-ing one an-oth-er, All our cares on Him we cast, We are



Chorus.
 lay-ing up our treasures In the bles-sed by and by. We're a band of lit-tle work-ers,
 sheaves we, too, shall gath-er In the har-vest field a-bove.
 pre-par-a-tion mak-ing To a-bide with Him at last.

Musical score for the song "We're a Band of Little Workers." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Lit-tle workers. lit-tle work-ers, We're a band of lit-tle workers, In the vineyard of the Lord.

SLUMBER SONG.

W. T. GIFFE.

(For Infant Class.)

W, T, G.

Musical score for the song "Slumber Song." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some measures containing rests. The lyrics are written below the staff.

1. In peace I lay me down and sleep, Know - ing that God His child will
 2. I will be still and sweet - ly rest, An - gels will guard and make me
 3. Long as I live His child I'll be, And ev - 'ry night on bend - ed
 4. And when I die, As life shall end, He will draw near and be my

Musical score for the song "Slumber Song." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some measures containing rests. The lyrics are written below the staff.

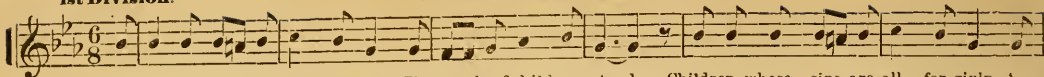
keep, Safe - ly from harm, While slum ber deep, Com - eth o'er me.
 blest; And in the morn I'll love Him best, Who watched o'er me.
 knee; I'll pray to Him who keep - eth me, To bless His child.
 friend; My spir - it free will then as - cend To heav'n's bright land.

AROUND THE THRONE.

**"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. 19 : 14.
(For the Infant Class.)**

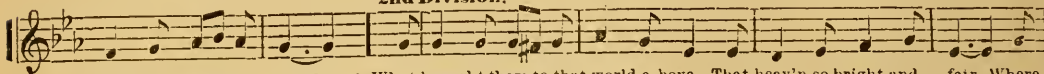
W. T. G.

1st Division. *



1. Around the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of children stand, Children whose sins are all for-giv'n. A
3. Because the Sa-vior shed His blood, To wash a-way their sin; Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Be-

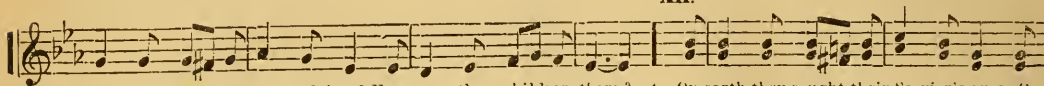
2nd Division.



ho - ly, hap py band.
hold them white and clean.

2. What brought them to that world a-bove, That heav'n so bright and fair, Where

All.

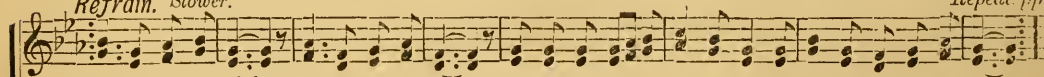


- all is peace and joy and love? How came those children there? 4. On earth they sought their Sa-vior's grace, On

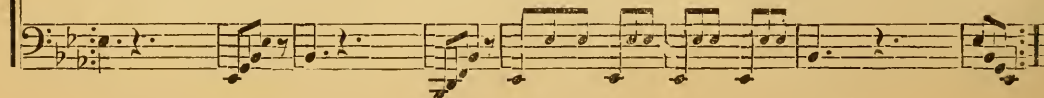


earth they loved His name; So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb.

Refrain, Slower.



Home, beau-ti-ful home ! Home, beau-ti - ful home ! Thousands of children now are singing, In that beau-ti-ful home.



* If there be any boys in the class, let them be the 2nd division, and the girls be the 1st division.

I LEAN ON THEE.

21

E. R. LATTA.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.—ISA. 32 : 2.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I lean on Thee, my Sa - vior dear, For I am wear-y and would rest; As one of old my
In tron-ble's dark and gloom - y hour, My cer-tain ref-uge Thou shalt be; When I am sink-ing
2. I lean on Thee, my Sa - vior dear, Who did for all my sins a - tone; I can - not live with-
Thy voice can qui - et all my fears, Thy smiles dis-pel my gloom, Thy res - u - rec - tion
3. I lean on Thee, my Sa - vior dear, When all our cherish'd forms de - cay, I know Thy arms of
Dear Sa - vior, draw our way-ward hearts A - way from earthly van - i - ty, And help us, both in

Chorus.

head I lay Up - on Thy gen - tle breast; } I lean . . . on Thee, . . .
'neath my load, My soul shall lean on Thee. }
out Thy love, I can - not stand a - lone; } I lean, I lean on Thee.
from the dead Hath o - ver-come the tomb. }
love en - fold The lambs that pass a - way;
life and death, To lean, dear Lord, on Thee. }

Lean on Thee, lean on Thee; O, help O, help me, dear Sa - vior, To lean on Thee!
Sa - vior, To lean on Thee!

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3 : 20.

W. T. GIFFE.

(Respectfully inscribed to the Sabbath School at Fletcher Place, Indianapolis, Ind.)

1. The Lord of life and glo - ry knocks, Knocks at the door of ev - 'ry heart. He's waiting there in
 2. The Savior knocks. He's knock'd before, Heedless we've been to ev - 'ry call, We'll let Him in to
 3. O bless - ed Sa - vior, now come in, Come and for - ev - er live with me, O, be my guest and

Chorus.

deep de - spair, How can we bid Him de - part. Come in, . . . come in, . . . We
 cleanse our sin—He has pard'ning love for all.
 make me blest, Yes, blest for aye with Thee. Come in, come in,

will not bid Thee go. . . Come in, . . . Come in, . . . We will not treat Thee so.
 Come in, come in, come in.

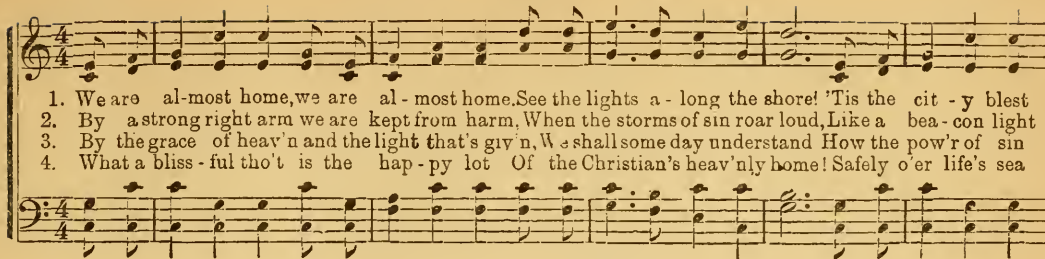
ALMOST HOME.

23

W. T. G.

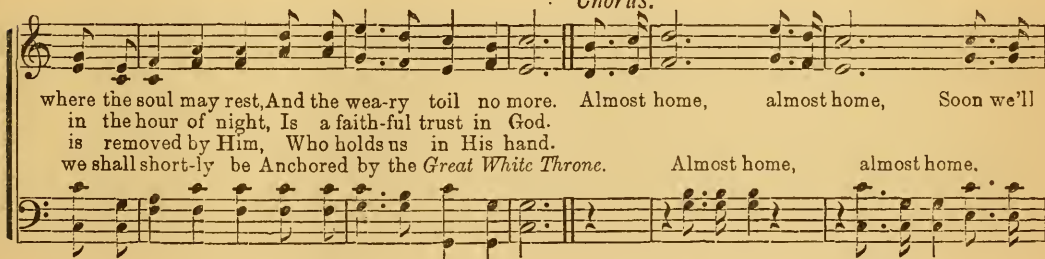
"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

W. T. GIFFE.



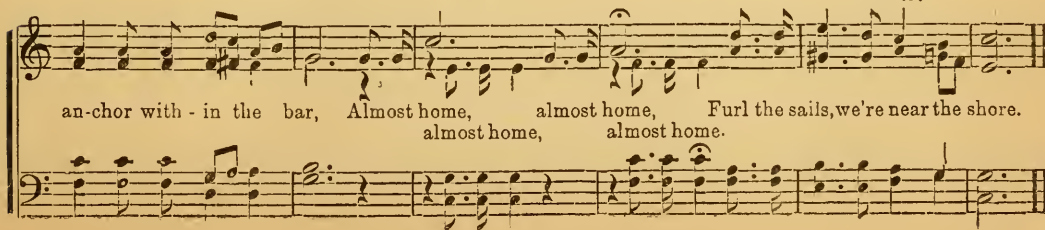
1. We are al-most home, we are al-most home. See the lights a-long the shore! 'Tis the cit-y blest
 2. By a strong right arm we are kept from harm. When the storms of sin roar loud, Like a bea-con light
 3. By the grace of heav'n and the light that's giv'n, We shall some day understand How the pow'r of sin
 4. What a bliss-ful tho't is the hap-py lot Of the Christian's heav'nly home! Safely o'er life's sea

Chorus.



where the soul may rest, And the wea-ry toil no more. Almost home, almost home, Soon we'll
 in the hour of night, Is a faith-ful trust in God.
 is removed by Him, Who holds us in His hand.
 we shall short-ly be Anchored by the Great White Throne. Almost home, almost home.

ad lib.



an-chor with-in the bar, Almost home, almost home, Furl the sails, we're near the shore.
 almost home, almost home.

EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

"How beautiful upon the mountains,"—ISA 52: 7.

W. T. G.

1. There's a land far away, 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time; Where the pure waters wander thro'
 2. Our grace cannot soar to that beautiful land, But our visions have told of its bliss; And our souls by the gales of its
 3. Oh, the stars never deck the blue heavens at night, But we think where the ransom'd have trod; And the day never smiles from its

valleys of gold, And life is a pleas-ure sub-lime. 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul, Where the ages of
 gardens are faun'd, When we faint in a life like this; And we sometimes have longed for that peaceful repose, When our spirits were
 palace of light, But we feel the bright smile of our God; We are traveling homeward thro' changes and gloom, To a kingdom where

splendor e - ternally roll; There the way-weary travel-er reaches his goal On the evergreen mountains of life.
 torn by temptation and woes; And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows From the evergreen mountains of life.
 pleasures eternally bloom; And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb, From the evergreen mountains of life.

PASS ME NOT.

25

"Lord, all my desire is before Thee."—Ps. 35 : 9.

Moderato.

1 Pass me not, O gen-tle Sa-vior, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; Nev-er leave me but the rath-er Let Thy
 2. Pass me not, O lov-ing Sa-vior, Let me live and cling to Thee; For I'm long-ing for Thy fa-vor, Whilst thou'rt
 3. Pass me not, O might-y Sa-vior, Thou canst make the blind to see; Wit-ness-es of Thy great mer-it, Speak some

Chorus.

mer-cy light on me. Ev-en me,..... O blessed Sa-vior, Let Thy mer - - cy light on
 call-ing, oh, call me.
 word of pow'r to me. Ev-en me, O bless-ed Sa-vior, Ev-en me, Let Thy mer-cy light on

me, Ev-en me, Ev-en me, Let Thy mer - - cy light on me.
 me, Ev-en me, Ev-en me, Ev-en me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me, Ev-en me.

WORK ON.

E. R. LATTA.

"Go therefore now and work."—Ex. 5: 18.

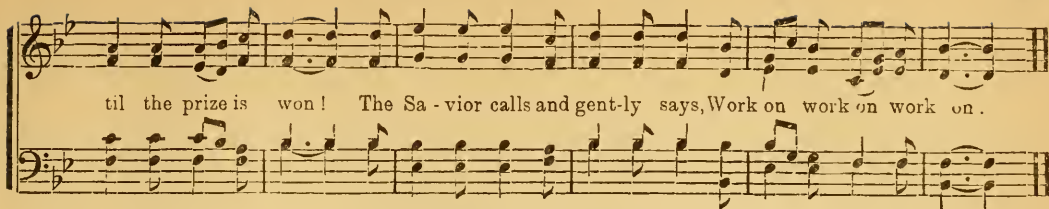
J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Work on with tire-less zeal, Ye who in faith have striv'n! Think not of rest on earth be-low! Ye
 2. Work on from morn till night, The pre-cious seed to sow! 'Tis yours to la-bor faith-ful-ly, The
 3. Work on! nor stay thy hand! The prize for thee is sure, If thou wilt la-bor faith-ful-ly, If
 work on,

soon shall rest in heav'n! Work on in hope and love, Your toil is not in vain! The
 Lord will make it grow! Work on! while yet 'tis day, With spir-it brave and true! The
 thou wilt but en-dure! A pil-grim here be-low, In lone-li-ness to roam, A
 work on,

Chorus.

Lord will crown your work at last, With sheaves of golden grain! Work on! work on! Un-
 night will come, the night of death, When we no work can do!
 mong the reap-ers thou shalt stand, In that great *Harvest Home!* Work on! work on!



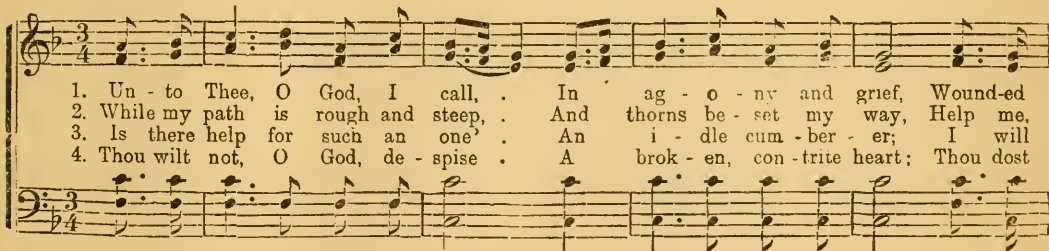
til the prize is won! The Sa - vior calls and gent - ly says, Work on work on work on .

SUPPLICATION.

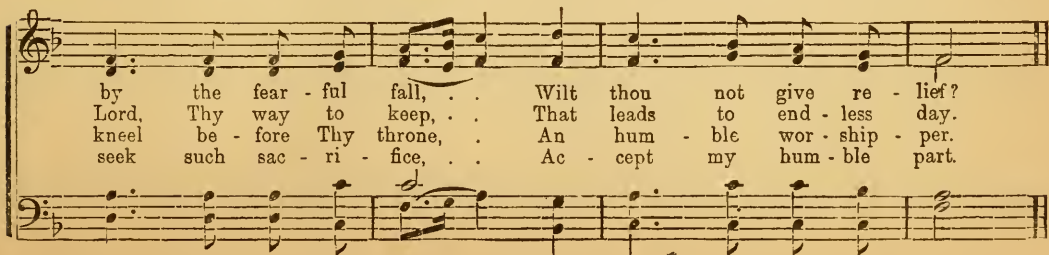
CADDIE G. SHELTON.

"The Lord will hear when I call unto Him."—Ps. 4: 3.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Un - to Thee, O God, I call, . In ag - o - ny and grief, Wound - ed
 2. While my path is rough and steep, . And thorns be - set my way, Help me,
 3. Is there help for such an one, . An i - dle cum - ber - er; I will
 4. Thou wilt not, O God, de - spise . A brok - en, con - trite heart; Thou dost



by the fear - ful fall, . . Wilt thou not give re - lief?
 Lord, Thy way to keep, . . That leads to end - less day.
 kneel be - fore Thy throne, . . An hum - ble wor - ship - per.
 seek such sac - ri - fice, . . Ac - cept my hum - ble part.

THE WAITING TIME.

"The Lord shall give thee rest"—ISA. 14 : 3.

W. T. G.

1. There are days of deep-est sor-row In the sea-son of our life; There are wild, despairing moments, There are
 2. Youth and love are oft im-patient, Seeking things beyond their reach; And the heart grows sick with hoping, E'er it
 3. Yet, at last, we learn the les-son That God knoweth what is best; And a si-lent re-cog-nition, Makes the

hours of deep-est strife; There are times of stormy anguish When the tears re-fuse to fall; But the wait-ing
 learns what life can teach; For be-fore the fruit is gather'd We must see the blossoms fall; And the wait-ing
 spir-it calm and blest; For perchance a day is coming For the chang-es of our fate, When our hearts will

Chorus.

time, my broth-er, Is the hard-est time of all.
 time, my brother, Is the hard-est time of all. O, the wait-ing time, my broth-er, Is the
 thank him meek-ly, That he taught us how to wait.

THE WAITING TIME.—Concluded.

29

hard - est time of all; Yes, the wait - ing time, my broth - er, Is the hard - est time of all.
(3d. time.) But our hearts will thank him meek - ly, For the wait - ing af - ter all.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

“Whoso off'reth praise glorifieth me.—Ps. 50 ; 23.

1. A - wake, my soul in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise, He just - ly claims a
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet lov'd me not - withstand - ing all; He sav'd me from my
3. When trouble like a gloom - y cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud; He near my soul has
4. Soon shall I pass this gloom - y vale, Soon all my mor - tal pow'rs must fail; Oh, may my last ex -

song from thee, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His
low es - tate, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His
al - ways stood, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how good! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His
pir - ing breath, His lov - ing kind - ness sing in death! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His

HARK ! HEAR THE CHRISTMAS BELLS!

Words by W. T. GIFFE.

VERDI.

1. Hark ! hear the Christ-mas bells! Loud - ly their mu - sic swells, Glo - rious the
 2. How in a man - ger lone, With Ma - ry's arms His throne, A - way from
 3. A - noint - ed king is He, At God's right hand to be, Plead - ing for
 4. Ring, then, in joy - ful lays, Glad bells ring loud His praise ! Christ, born in

news it tells, On Christ-mas morn - ing; Up - on the win - t'ry air We hear them
 an - y home Was born our Sa - vior; "Glo - ry to God on high," Loud-ly the
 mer - cy free, For those who serve Him; Loud-ly His praise pro-claim, While an - gels
 an - cient days, To be our Sa - vior! Nor let your prais-ing cease, Till in that

ev - 'ry - where. Tell - ing in ac - cents clear, Of Je - sus' birth
 an - gels cry, Fall - en man may not die, For Christ is born.
 join the strain, Let ev 'ry kind and name, Hail Christ, our King!
 sweet re - lease, We dwell with Him in peace, To reign for aye.

WAITING.

31

Words by NELLIE PATTERSON.

Adagio

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Wait-ing till I can of - fer, Worth i - er love to the Lord, Wait-ing till sweet-er mu - sic
 2. Some more con-ven-ient mo-ment, I will o - bey Thy voice. What dost Thou say, O Sa-vior?
 3. Nev - er to know the Fa - ther, Nev - er to see the Son, Nev - er to hear the plaudit,
 4. Wait-ing for con-dem - na - tion, Wait-ing to be cast out, Wait-ing till sin and passion

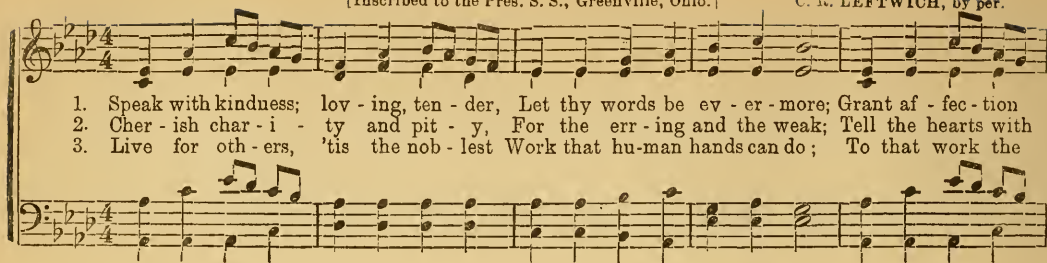
Wak-ens a new heart chord; I am too poor in goodness, Savior, Thy child to be; Wait till I feel Thy
 "Now thou must make thy choice," Now to accept thy of - fer, Giv-ing my-self to Thee, Now to believe or
 "No-bly and brave-ly done," Tasting no drop of heav - en, Stranger to love's sweet peace, Liv-ing in deathful
 Fill me with fear and doubt, Wait, did I say, my Sa-vior? Je - sus, my love is Thine, Take Thou my heart and

Rit.
 pres - ence lift - ing me un - to Thee, Wait till I feel Thy pres - ence, Lifting me un - to Thee.
 nev - er, Aught of Thy self to see, Now to be-lieve or nev - er, Aught of Thy-self to see.
 dark - ness, Nev - er to know re - lease, Liv-ing in death-ful dark - ness, Never to know re - lease.
 keep it, It is no long-er mine, Take Thou my heart and keep it, It is no long-er mine.

LIVE FOR RIGHT.

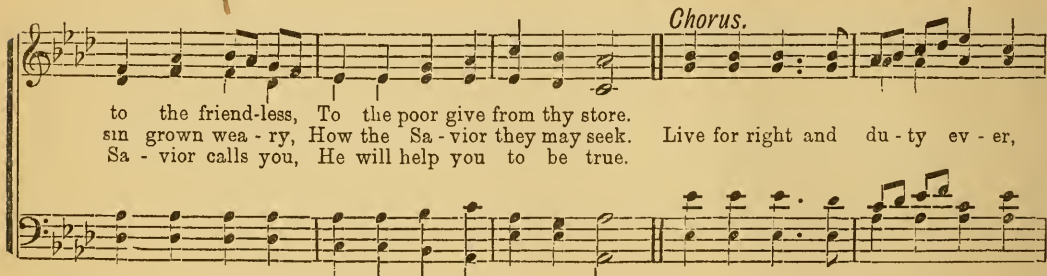
"So run, that ye may obtain."—I. Cor. 9: 24.
[Inscribed to the Pres. S. S., Greenville, Ohio.]

C. R. LEFTWICH, by per.



1. Speak with kindness; lov - ing, ten - der, Let thy words be ev - er - more; Grant af - fec - tion
2. Cher - ish char - i - ty and pit - y, For the err - ing and the weak; Tell the hearts with
3. Live for oth - ers, 'tis the nob - lest Work that hu - man hands can do; To that work the

Chorus.



to the friend - less, To the poor give from thy store.
sin grown wea - ry, How the Sa - vior they may seek. Live for right and du - ty ev - er,
Sa - vior calls you, He will help you to be true.

Work, watch and pray.



Christ will help you on your way; Fails his lov - ing promise nev - er, Work, watch and humbly pray.
Work and watch and humbly pray.

LIKE A SHEPHERD HIS FLOCK HE'LL FEED.

33

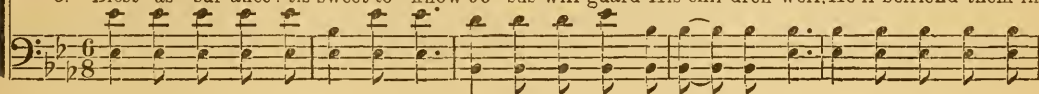
(May be sung as a duet to the chorus.)

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.—ISA. 40:11.

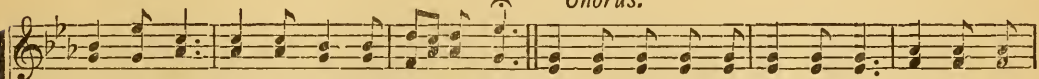
W. T. GIFFE.



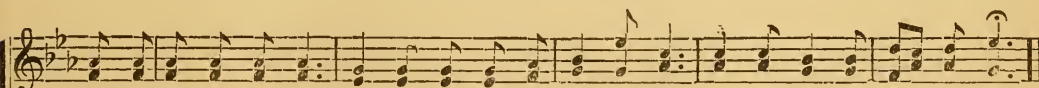
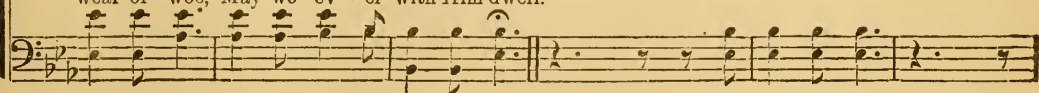
1. Like a Shepherd His flock He'll feed, In His bo-som He'll carry the Lambs, None shall suffer or
2. Christ the shepherd will guard His sheep, With His loving and ten - der might, Safe in His arms the
3. Blest as - sur - ance! 'tis sweet to know Je - sus will guard His chil - dren well. He'll befriend them in



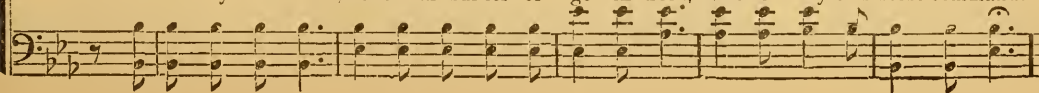
Chorus.



go in need, Who o - bey His blest commands.
lambs He'll keep, None shall per-ish thro'the night. Like a shep-herd His flock He'll feed, In His bo-
weal or woe, May we ev - er with Him dwell.



som He'll car-ry the lambs, None shall suf-fer or go in need, Who o - bey His blest commands.



COME UP HIGHER.

WATTS.

"Come, for all things are ready." LUKE 14 : 17.

R. A. GLENN.

1. There is a house not made with hands. Eter - nal in the skies; And here my spir - it waiting stands,
 2. Short - ly this pris - on of earth's clay Must be dissolv'd and fall; Then, O, my soul with joy o - bey,
 3. 'Tis He by His almight - y grace, That forms me fit for heav'n, And as an ear - nest of the place,

Chorus.

Till my Sa - vior shall bid me rise. By and by, by and by, My Savior shall
 When the bless - ed Re - deem - er calls.
 He will give me a home in heav'n; By and by, by and by,

say to me, Come up high - - er, come up high - - er, There's a crown in heav'n for thee.
 Come up higher, come up higher,

WONDROUS LOVE.

35

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—I JOHN 3: 1.

REV. T. J. SHELTON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

1. Oh, the wondrous love of God, Bring-ing us sal - va - tion; Reach-ing far as
 2. In Thy love, O Son of God, Thou wilt keep us ev - er; Give to us thy
 3. In Thy love, O Son of Man, Thou our El - der Broth - er, May we live as
 4. In Thy love, O Prince of Life, Thy shed blood doth heal us; For our Fa - ther's

Chorus.

man is found, In - to ev - 'ry na - tion.
 per - fect peace, O Thou bless-ed Giv - er. Wondrous love, wondrous love, Be my por-tion
 Thou hast bid, Lov - ing one an - oth - er.
 home a - bove, By thy Spir-it seal us.

ev - er; Till with-in my heart of hearts, Love shall reign for - ev - er.

JESUS BE MERCIFUL.

S. S. GORBY.

"Deliver me, O, Lord.—Ps. 143 : 9.

F. R. WEBB.

1. Je - sus, my Sa - vior, I pray Thee be mer - ci - ful, Let not Thy wrath fall se -
 2. Sa - vior, O watch in Thy ten - der - ness o - ver me, Let not my heart from Thee
 3. Bless all Thy lov'd ones, and Je - sus be near to them, In their sad mo - ments, Lord,
 4. Strike from our hearts ev - 'ry thought that is cum - ber - ing, Grant that our joys may be

vere - ly on me; Give me Thy love, which is free and so plen - ti - ful,, Then draw me
 wan - der a - way; With Thy sweet in - flu - ence ten - der - ly cov - er me, Lead me that
 o - ver them bend; Touch their lone hearts, make them feel Thou art dear to them, Make them to
 pass - ing - ly sweet; And when the gems in thy crown thou art num - ber - ing, Grant that we

clos - er, my Sa - vior, to Thee, Then draw me clos - er, my Sa - vior, to Thee.
 from Thee I nev - er may stray, Lead' me, that from Thee I nev - er may stray.
 know Thou art e - ver their friend, Make them to know Thou art e - ver their friend.
 there as Thy jew - els may meet, Grant that we there as Thy jew - els may meet.

JESUS EVER NEAR.

37

"I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—MATT. 28: 20.

SAMUEL TRACY.

1. Al - ways with you, wherefore fear? What can harm with Je - sus near? Can you need more
 2. If in sad-ness you should walk, Je - sus still will with you talk, In - to joy your
 3. Or if in the midnight hour, Sick-ness blight you with its pow'r, He your fe-ver'd

sure de - fence, Girt with His Om - nip - o - tence? What though friends may fail or fly,
 sor - row turn, Make your heart with - in you burn; And when the still night shall close,
 pulse will calm, Touch your heart with heal - ing balm; And when comes your hour to die,

Can you weep with Je-sus nigh? How can darkness fill the place, Lit with smiles from Jesus' face?
 Round you in your sweet re-pose, Sit-ting watching at your feet. He will make your sleep be sweet.
 Je - sus will be stand-ing by, Thro' the vale His arm to lend, Al - ways with you to the end.

TELL THE GOOD NEWS.

W. A. OGDEN.

"On earth peace, good will toward men."—LUKE 2: 14.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Tell the good news, the wondrous sto - ry! Beth - le - hem's babe is born to - day,
 2. Tell the good news, the gladsome sto - ry! Je - sus for sin - ners came to die,
 3. Tell the good news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Sing it with joy the world a - round.

An - gels pro - claimed the news in glo - ry, "Peace and good will to men," they say.
 Con - quer - ing death He rose to glo - ry, Dwell - eth a PRINCE OF PEACE on high.
 Je - sus hath pur - chased full sal - va - tion, Par - don and peace in Him are found.

Chorus.
 Tell the good news, . Oh, shout the glad tid - ings, Yes, and be sure . . . the world shall hear;
 Tell the good news, Oh, tell the good news, Yes, yes, and be sure the world shall hear.

TELL THE GOOD NEWS—Concluded.

39

From the dark pris - on He hath a - ris - en. Tell the good news both far and near.

JESUS ALL-SUFFICIENT.

"Christ Jesus is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—I Cor. 1 : 30.

A. N. G.
Slow.

A. N. GILBERT.

1. Sad - ly I wan - der'd in er - ror's dark night, Know - ing so
 2. But when the day dawned my sin was re - veal'd, How should I
 3. Now all my long - ings are rous'd to be pure, Day by day
 4. Soon I shall slum - ber with - in the dark tomb, Slum - ber a -

lit - tle of God and His way; Je - sus, my teach - er, has
 cleanse its dark stain from my soul? Je - sus a - ton - ing my
 liv - ing from sin - ning more free; Je - sus, the spir - it be -
 while, but be fin - al - ly free; Ris - ing in glo - ry will

giv - en me light, Wis - dom di - vine turned night in - to day.
 par - don has seal'd, RIGHT - EOUS - NESS gives me, I am made whole.
 stows to se - cure, SANC - TI - FI - CA - TION for e - ven me.
 leave its sad gloom, Je - sus, RE - DEMP - TION made un - to me.

Chorus.

Wis - dom, right-eous-ness SANC - ti - fi - ca - tion, Full re-demp - tion and per - fect sal -

- va - tion, Je - sus is made un - to me, to me, Je - sus is made un - to me.

THE ROCK AND THE SAND.

41

"Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock."—MATT. 7: 24.

REV. H. R. TRICKETT.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On what are you building, my brother, Your hopes of an e - ter - nal home? Is it loose shifting sand or the
2. On one, or the oth - er, my brother, You are building your hopes day by day; You are risking your soul on the
3. Your Savior has warned you, my brother, I pray you give heed to his voice; There is life on the Rock, but
4. No mat - ter how careful, my brother, The sand for your house you prepare, 'Twill be all swept away when the

Chorus.

firm solid rock, You are trusting for a - ges to come? Hearing and do - ing, we build on the rock; Hearing a -
works that you do, Will the dark waters sweep you away?
death on the sand, Oh, brother, pray tell me your choice.
floods shall descend, And you be left per - ish - ing there.

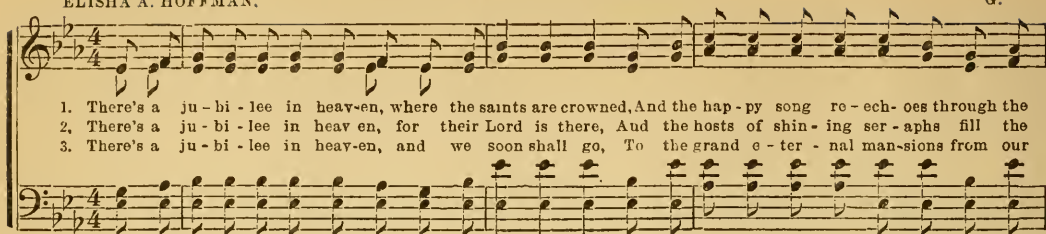
lone, we build on the sand, Both will be tried by the storm and the flood, Only the Rock the tri - al will stand.

JUBILEE OF THE REDEEMED.

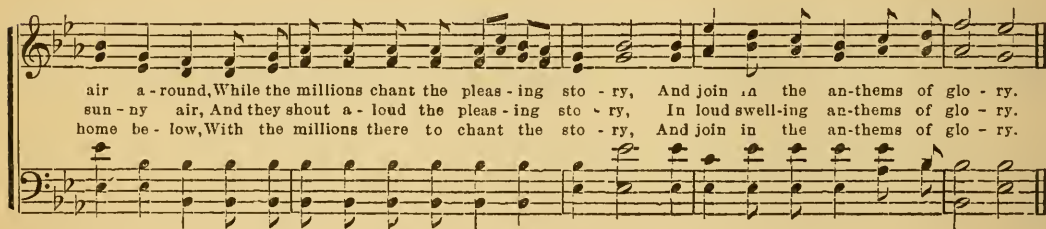
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

"They sung a new song."—GEN. 32: 26.

G.

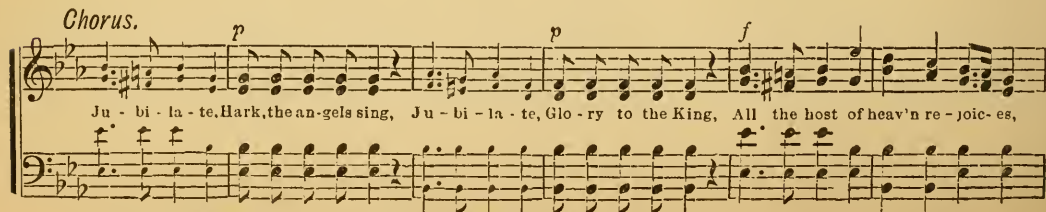


1. There's a ju-bi-lee in heav-en, where the saints are crowned, And the hap-py song re-ech-oes through the
2. There's a ju-bi-lee in heav-en, for their Lord is there, And the hosts of shin-ing ser-aphs fill the
3. There's a ju-bi-lee in heav-en, and we soon shall go, To the grand e-ter-nal man-sions from our



air a-round, While the millions chant the pleas-ing sto-ry, And join in the an-thems of glo-ry.
sun-ny air, And they shout a-loud the pleas-ing sto-ry, In loud swell-ing an-thems of glo-ry.
home be-low, With the millions there to chant the sto-ry, And join in the an-thems of glo-ry.

Chorus.



Ju-bi-la-te, Hark, the an-gels sing, Ju-bi-la-te, Glo-ry to the King, All the host of heav'n re-joic-es,

* The small notes should be sung by a quartette of smooth voices in an adjoining room, or played softly on the organ.

p *p* *p* *cres.*

Ju - bi - la - te, Hear the heav'nly sound, Ju - bi - la - te, All the angels round, Praise Him with their harps and voices.
Ju - bi - la - te, A-men.

BRIGHT, BRIGHT WATER.

(Temperance Song.)

"And the man brought them into Joseph's house and gave them water."—GEN. 43; 7.

W. T. G.

Cheerfully.

1. Bright, bright wa - ter, Spark - ling and free, Danc - ing and leap - ing So joy - ous - ly;
2. Laugh - ing wa - ter, Burst - ing to light, In the pure foun - tain, Beau - ti - ful sight!
3. Soft in its rip - pling, O'er moss - y stones, Wak - ing sweet mu - sic 'Neath the pine cones;
4. Health in its cool - ness, Nerve in its light. Brain clear and tranquil, True, steady sight;

Bright, pure wa - ter, Foam - ing in glee; That is the best drink For you and for me.
Gurgling in cool - ness, Down in the glen; Best drink of all drinks, Drink, drink a - gain.
Now it grows bold - er, Dash - ing a - long, Best drink of all drinks, Praise it in song,
Sound mind to rea - son, Men - tal powers strong, Best drink of all drinks, Pass it a - long.

THE GUSHING RILL.

"Look not thou upon the wine."—EPH, 5: 8.

W. T. G.

1. Oh if for me the cup you fill, Then fill it from the gush-ing rill, With wa-ter pure and
 2. Speak not to me of ru-by wine, Of nec-tar cups and draughts divine, The taste of bit-ter
 3. Give not to me the mantling brim, Whose dancing bubbles gai-ly swim, For in each shin-ing

Chorus.
 sparkling bright, As clear as truth, and free as light.
 tears is there, For those we love and hold most dear.
 crys-tal round, A dead-ly lurk-ing fiend is found.

{ Then if for me,
 { With wa-ter pure,

{ Then if for me, the cup you
 { With wa-ter pure, and sparkling }

the cup you fill, O, fill it from the gush-ing rill.
 and sparkling bright, As clear as truth, and free as light. }

fill, O, fill it from the gush-ing rill.
 bright, As clear as truth and free as light. }

* NOTE.—Observe the HOLD only after the repeat.

SHUN THE CUP.

45

S. S. GORBY.

"Look not thou upon the wine."—EPH. 5: 8.

1. Touch it not, it bit - eth, stingeth, Shun the cup, (Shun the cup,) Nought but grief and woe it bringeth,
 2. Push it back with in - dig - na - tion, Shun the cup, (Shun the cup,) Quickly flee from such temp - ta - tion,

Shun the cup, (Shun the cup,) Look not on the wine that gloweth, When its spark - ling red
 Shun the cup, (Shun the cup,) While our hearts to God are springing, Forward! set the wel -

it show - eth, Nought but sor - row it be - stow - eth, Shun the cup, Shun the cup.
 kin ring - ing, Loud - ly clear - ly, sweet - ly sing - ing, Shun the cup, Shun the cup.

THE CONVICTION.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26 : 28.

1. Al - most per-suad - ed a Chris-tian to be, Al-most-per-suad-ed a dan - ger to flee;
 2. Al - most per-suad - ed, when sunk in the wave, To cling to Him who is might - y to save;
 3. Al - most per-suad - ed, when sick and when faint, To ask the Sa-vior to heal my com-plaint;

Al - most per-suad - ed a prize to ob-tain, Al-most per-suad-ed a vict'-ry to gain.
 Al - most per-suad - ed, when dan - ger is near, To seek a ref - uge, to tri-umph o'er fear.
 Al - most per-suad - ed, when storms rage around, My bark to an-chor where safe - ty is found.

Refrain.

Al - most, al - most, Al-most per-suad - ed, Al - most per - suad - ed.
 Al-most per-suad-ed, al - most per-suad-ed.

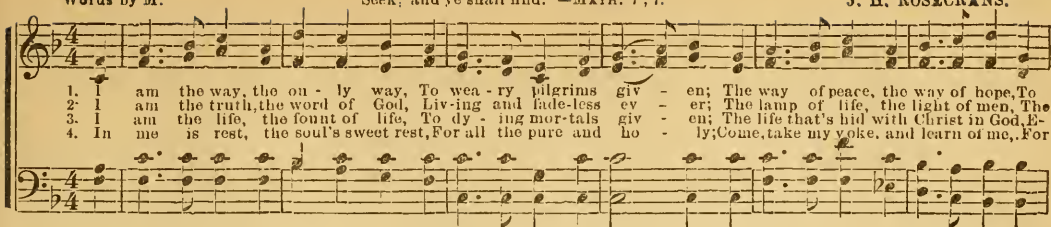
SEEK AND FIND.

47

Words by M.

"Seek, and ye shall find."—MATH. 7; 7.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. I am the way, the on - ly way, To wea - ry pilgrims giv - en; The way of peace, the way of hope, To
 2. I am the truth, the word of God, Liv - ing and fade - less ev - er; The lamp of life, the light of men, The
 3. I am the life, the fount of life, To dy - ing mor - tals giv - en; The life that's hid with Christ in God, E -
 4. In me is rest, the soul's sweet rest, For all the pure and ho - ly; Come, take my yoke, and learn of me, For

Chorus.



home, and rest and heaven, O, seek this way, Seek it to - day, With willing mind, Seek it and
 chart to guide to heaven, O, seek this truth, E'en in your youth, With willing mind, Seek it and
 ter - nal life in heaven, O, seek to live, And life re - ceive, With willing mind, Seek it and
 I am meek and lowly, O, seek this rest, Seek and be blest, With willing mind, Seek it and

O, seek the way, Seek it to - day, With willing mind,
 O, seek this truth, E'en in your youth, With willing mind,
 O, seek to live, And life receive, With willing mind,
 O, seek this rest, Seek and be blest, With willing mind,

find, O, seek this way, Seek it to - day, With willing mind, Seek it and find.
 find, O, seek this truth, E'en in your youth, With willing mind, Seek it and find.
 find, O, seek to live, And life receive, With willing mind, Seek it and find.
 find, O, seek this rest, Seek and be blest, With willing mind, Seek it and find.

Seek it and find, O, seek this way, Seek it to - day, With willing mind, Seek it and find.
 Seek it and find, O, seek this truth, E'en in your youth, With willing mind, Seek it and find.
 Seek it and find, O, seek to live, And life receive, With willing mind, Seek it and find.
 Seek it and find, O, seek this rest, Seek and be blest, With willing mind, Seek it and find.

CLOSE BY HIS SIDE.

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."—JAMES 4: 8.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Close by the side of a lov - ing Sa - vior, Safe thro' this world of sin I go;
 2. Close by the side of a lov - ing Sa - vior, He who has suf - fered death for me;
 3. Close by the side of a lov - ing Sa - vior, When all the tri - als here are o'er;

D.C. Close by the side of a lov - ing Sa - vior, Safe thro' this world of sin I go;

Fine.

Naught do I fear from the pow'r of Sa - tan, As I jour - ney here be - low;
 That all my sins might be for - giv - en, Set - ting my soul from its bond - age free;
 Hap - py I'll wan - der a - mid the loved ones, O - ver on the oth - er shore;

Naught do I fear from the pow'r of Sa - tan, As I jour - ney here be - low.

What tho' the path be dark and lone - ly, Tho' temp - ta - tions hov - er near;
 Oh! if I trust Him, He will guide me, Safe to the Fa - ther's throne a - bove;
 Where there will be no tears or sor - row, Where there will be no dark - ning night;

Trust-ing in Je - sus, my Sa - vior on - ly, I will nev - er, nev - er fear.
 And He will e - ver stay be - side me, With His all pro - tect - ing care.
 But in that joy - ous, glad to - mor - row, Je - sus is the truth, the light.

TRUSTING FOREVER.

"Trust in the Lord and do good.—Ps. 37 : 3.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Moderato.

1. With wea - ry, falt - 'ring feet, Cheer'd by the prom - ise sweet, Which fail-eth nev - er,
 2. We bear His sa - cred name, His lov - ing care we claim, When lost, he sought us,
 3. And ran-som'd by His blood, Cleans'd in that pre - cious flood, Which free-ly flow-eth;

The thorn - y road we tread, By our great Mas - ter led, Our guide for - ev - er.
 He bore us in His arms, Safe from the world's a - larms, With love he bought us.
 We are our Shepherd's care, He doth our bur-dens bear, His flock He knoweth.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

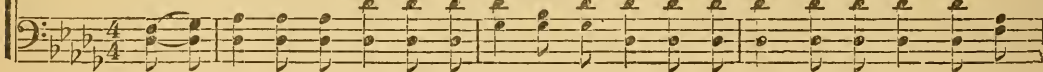
REV. H. R. TRICKETT.

"For ye were as sheep going astray."— I. PET. 2: 25.

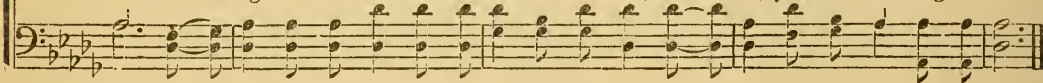
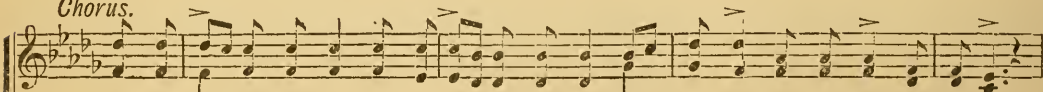
J. H. R.



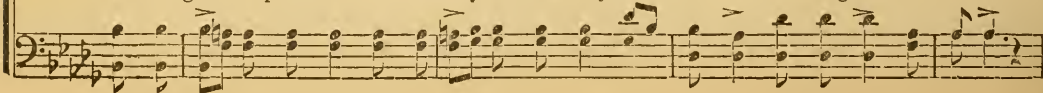
1. Once I wander'd a-way from the good Shepherd's fold, And was lost in the dark-ness of
2. He healed all my wounds and he strengthened my soul, And he free-ly my wand'rings for-
3. Oh, why will you die on the mountains of sin? Why per-ish when Je-sus is



sin; When I heard a sweet voice on the lone mountains cold, Calling, "come weary wand'rer come in."
 gave; He washed me from sin and His grace made me whole, And I found he was mighty to save.
 near? No long-er re-sist him but now en-ter in; He calls, you have nothing to fear.

*Chorus.*

Oh, the good Shepherd's voice Makes my heart still rejoice! He loved me, he sought me, he found me!



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—Concluded.

51

Musical score for 'The Good Shepherd'. The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in a key of three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the bass line is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Nev-er more will I stray, Nev-er wan-der a - way, For His mer-cy and love shall surround me.'

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

"Peace through the blood of the cross."—COL. 1: 20.

Musical score for 'Cleansing Fountain'. The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in a key of one flat (F major or D minor) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the bass line is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are: '1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that 2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, That foun-tain in His day, And there may I tho' vile as 3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood, Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed Church of

Fine,

D.S.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Cleansing Fountain'. The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in a key of one flat (F major or D minor) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the bass line is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are: 'flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, . . . Lose all their guilt-y stains, he, Wash all my sins a - way. Wash all my sins a - way, . . . Wash all my sins a - way, God, Are saved to sin no more. Are saved to sin no more, . . . Are saved to sin no more,

PRESS ON, YE SONS OF LIGHT

GASKELL.

"Press on towards the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

W. T. G.

Triumphantly.

1. Press on, press on, ye sons of light, Un-tir - ing in your ho - ly fight; Still treading each temptation down, And
2. Press on, press on, Still look in faith To him who vanquished sin and death; Then shall ye hear him say, "well done;" True

Chorus.

battling for a brighter crown. Press on, press on
to the last, press on, press on.
Press on, press on thro' toil and woe, press on, With calm re-solve to tri-umph

cres.

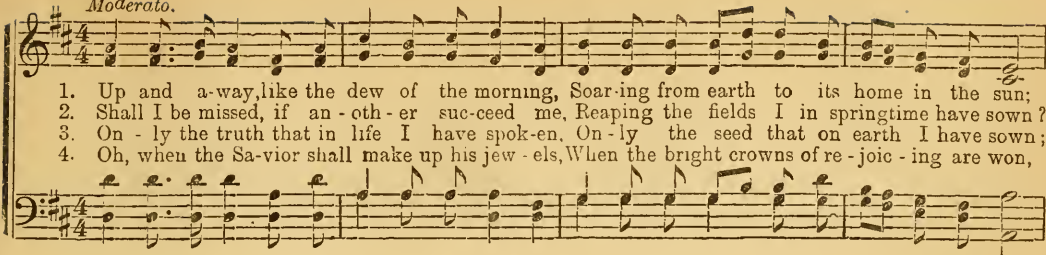
Press on, And make each dark and threat'ning ill Yield but a high - er glo - ry still,
go, press on, And make, etc..

ONLY REMEMBERED.

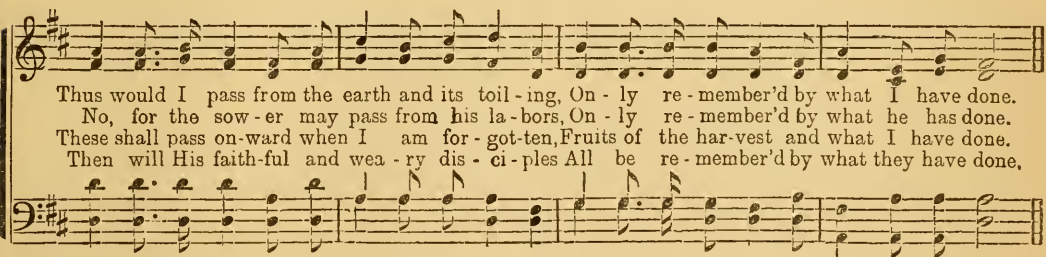
53

"The memory of the just is blessed,"—Prov. 10 : 7.

BONAR.
Moderato.

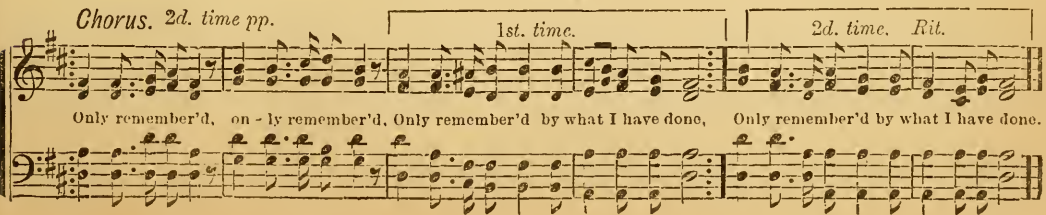


1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soar-ing from earth to its home in the sun;
2. Shall I be missed, if an - oth - er suc - ceed me, Reaping the fields I in springtime have sown?
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spok-en, On - ly the seed that on earth I have sown;
4. Oh, when the Sa-vior shall make up his jew - els, When the bright crowns of re - joic - ing are won,



Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing, On - ly re - member'd by what I have done.
No, for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors, On - ly re - member'd by what he has done.
These shall pass on-ward when I am for-got-ten, Fruits of the har-vest and what I have done.
Then will His faith-ful and wea-ry dis-ci-ples All be re - member'd by what they have done,

Chorus. 2d. time pp.



Only remember'd, on - ly remember'd, Only remember'd by what I have done, Only remember'd by what I have done.

WILLING TO SAVE

"Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 PETER, 3. 9.

A. N. G.

A. N. GILBERT.

1. The Fath - er is will - ing to save thee, Oh, sin - ner, be - lieve it to - day! He gave up His
 2. The Sa - vior is long - ing to bless thee, Why wilt thou again turn a - way? He cries to thee,
 3. The Spir - it is yearning to lead thee From darkness to wonderful light, On man - na from

Chorus.

lov'd one to have thee, Be - lieve in His word and o - bey. The work has been done, He has
 "Sin - ner, con - fess me!" Oh, sin - ner, con - fess Him to - day. The blood has been shed, He has
 heav - en to feed thee, And clothe thee with heav - en - ly might. His word is se - cure, It is

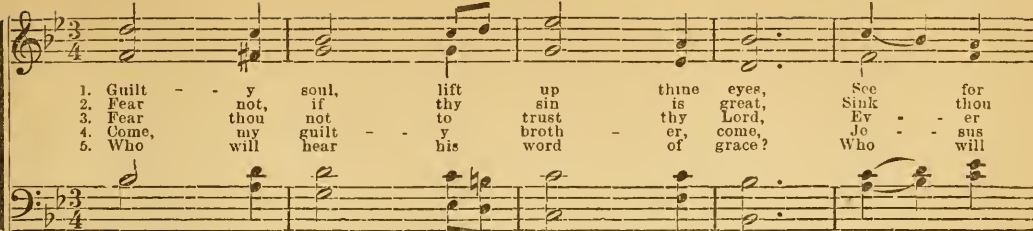
giv - en His Son, And all are ac - cept - ed, not one is re - ject - ed, Not one, no, not one.
 lain with the dead, But ris - en in glo - ry, to tell the glad sto - ry, "He lives who has bled."
 true, it is pure, Ac - cept - ing its pleadings, o - bey - ing its lead - ings, Sal - va - tion is sure.

SALVATION.


55

H. R. TRICKETT.


J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Guilt - - y soul, lift up thine eyes, See for
 2. Fear not, if thy sin is great, Sink thou
 3. Fear thou not guilt to trust thy Lord, Ev er
 4. Come, my guilt y his word er, come, Je - sus
 5. Who will hear his word of grace? Who sus will



thee not faith calls seek the be - ful the the sac - neath is wan - Sa - ri - its His d'r'r vior's fice, weight, word, home, face? All Je Nev Heav Who thy sus, er en's will guilt read yet gates now on y a stand His



Je to sin o call - - sus for ner pen lald, give, died, wide, bey, All Bids Trust Since Who the thee ing the will might - y now Him, Lord yield - to the of to ran - turn Cru glo Him som and ci - ry to paid. live, died, day?

CROWN HIM.

T. KELLY.

"And he shall reign forever and ever."—REV. 11:15.

E. S. LORENZ, by per

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the man of sorrows now; From the fight returned victo-rious,
 2. Crown the Savior, angels, crown Him, Rich the trophies Jesus brings; In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,
 3. Hark, those bursts of ac-cla-mation! Hark, those loud triumphant chords! Jesus takes the high-est sta-tion,

Chorus.

Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow. Crown Him, crown Him, Crowns be - come the
 While the heav'n - ly con - cave rings.
 Oh, what joy the sight af - fords. Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Savior
 King of kings and

Vic - tor's brow; Crown Him, crown Him, Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
 King of kings. Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Savior King of kings.
 Lord of lords, King of kings and Lord of lords.

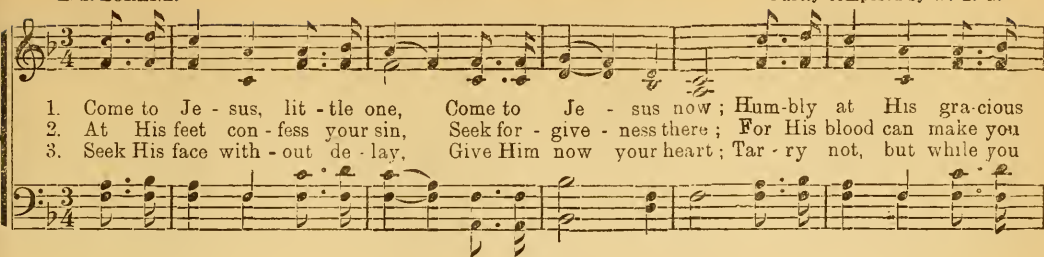
JUST NOW, COME TO JESUS.

57

E. S. LORENZ.

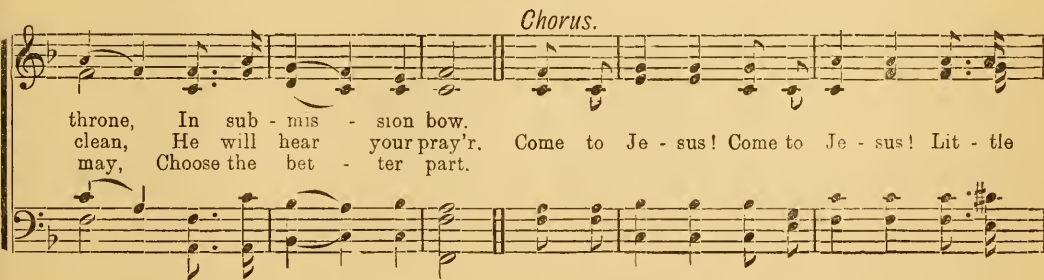
"Come, for all things are ready."—LUKE 14: 7.

Partly composed by W. T. G.

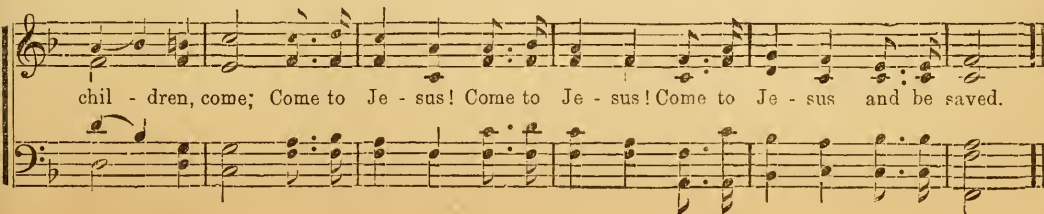


1. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now; Hum-bly at His gra-cious
 2. At His feet con - fess your sin, Seek for - give - ness there; For His blood can make you
 3. Seek His face with - out de - lay, Give Him now your heart; Tar - ry not, but while you

Chorus.



throne, In sub - mis - sion bow,
 clean, He will hear your pray'r. Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! Lit - tle
 may, Choose the bet - ter part.



chil - dren, come; Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus and be saved.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."—PROV. 19 : 17.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Moderato.

1. Re - mem - ber the poor on the cold wint'-ry day, Turn not from their plea for as - sist - ance a - way;
 2. Re - mem - ber the poor when you sit round the hearth, Enjoy - ing the blessings and comforts of earth;
 3. Remember the poor when you murmur a pray'r, O'er loved ones whom God has assign'd to your care;

Rit.
 If God has enrich'd you in bas - ket and store, Oh, give to the need - y who come to your door.
 O, think of the home - less and des - o - late poor, The pain and the suffer - ing that they must en - dure.
 O, think of the lit - tle ones hun - gry for bread, Who crouch on a pal - let of straw for a bed.

Chorus.

Re - mem - ber the poor, And give of your store, To
 Re - mem - ber the poor, And give of your store, To

Rit.

com-fort and bless them, To help and to cheer them, Re-mem-ber the poor, Re-mem-ber the poor.

HEAVENLY REST.

S. S. GORBY.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4 : 9.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. When thou art wearied and distress'd, And heartfelt anguish fills thy breast, Forget not friend that there is
2. Tho' toil has bound thy limbs with care, And made thy burdens hard to bear, There's rest for thee, a good-ly
3. Tho' thou art worn with ceaseless pain, And canst from weeping scarce refrain, There's rest for thee, And smiles will
4. Re-mem-ber, Je-sus died for this, And, that the rest thou may'st not miss, Go find the way that leads to

Refrain.

rest, In heav'n. In heav'n In heav'n For-get not, friend, that there is rest, In heav'n.
share, In heav'n. In heav'n. In heav'n. There's rest for thee, a good-ly share, In heav'n.
reign, In heav'n. In heav'n, In heav'n, There's rest for thee, and smiles will reign, In heav'n
bliss, In heav'n. In heav'n, In heav'n, Go find the way that leads to bliss, In heav'n.

COMING TO THE FOUNTAIN.

"With Him is the fountain of life."—Ps. 34 : 9.

DAVID COLVIN.

DAVID COLVIN.

1. I am com-ing to the foun-tain, The Lord I will o - bey; The Sa-vior there is
 2. That fountain's ev-er flow-ing From the Sa-vior's pierced side; The love of Je-sus
 3. The Sa-vior now doth cleanse me, In that crim-son flow-ing tide; My sins are all for-

Chorus.

wait - ing, He will wash my sins a - way.
 show - ing, — For sin - ners hath He died. "I know I am weak and sin-ful," But the
 giv - en, And with Je - sus I'll a - bide.

Sa-vior will for-give; He will cleanse me in that foun-tain, And in heav'n with Him I'll live.

JESUS HEAR ME.

61

"Hear my prayer, O Lord."—Ps. 39 : 12.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. (May be sung as a solo by a little child in the attitude of prayer.)

W. H. BOBGETT.

Very slow.

1. Je - sus, hear me when I pray. Take my man - y sins a - way, Wash me
2. Je - sus, hear my earn - est cry; For re - lief from sin I sigh, Make this :
3. Je - sus, hear the sol - emn vow At the cross I of - fer now; As I

Chorus.

in Thy pre - cious blood, Make me now a child of God.
heav - y an - guish cease, Fill my soul with per - fect peace. Dear Je - sus, hear
bow me at Thy feet, Wash and make my soul com - plete.

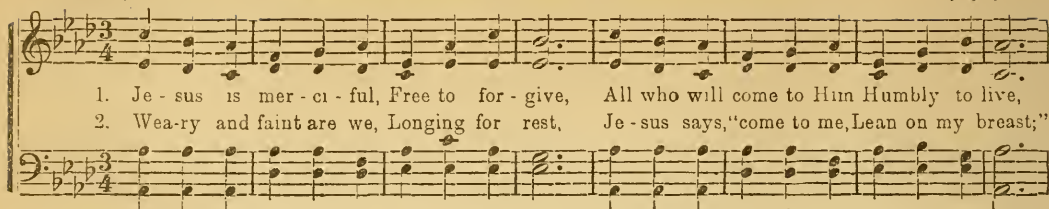
Dim. e Rit.

me, Bless me and save me, Wash me and cleanse me, In Thy a - ton - ing blood.

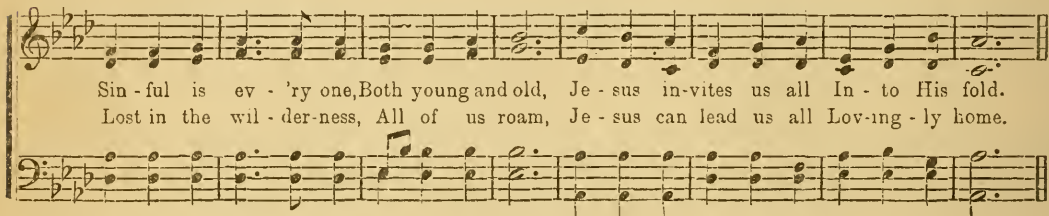
JESUS IS MERCIFUL.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.—JOHN 6 : 37.

LEE H. DEE.

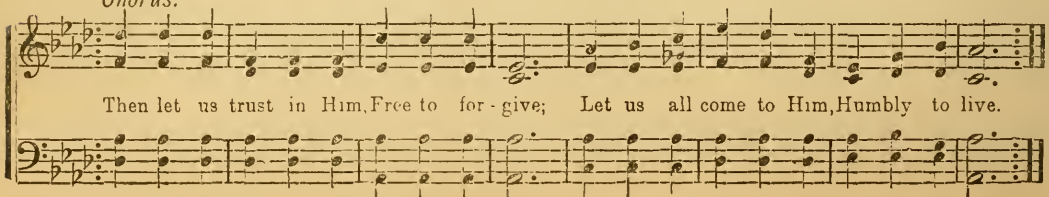


1. Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Free to for - give, All who will come to Him Humbly to live,
2. Wea - ry and faint are we, Longing for rest, Je - sus says, "come to me, Lean on my breast;"



Sin - ful is ev - 'ry one, Both young and old, Je - sus in - vites us all In - to His fold.
Lost in the wil - der - ness, All of us roam, Je - sus can lead us all Lov - ing - ly home.

Chorus.



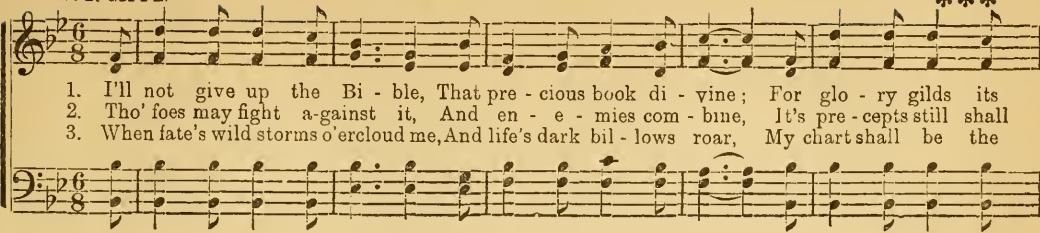
Then let us trust in Him, Free to for - give; Let us all come to Him, Humbly to live.

I'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

63

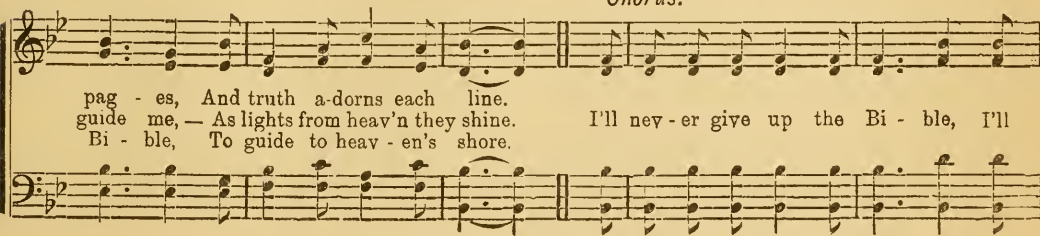
W. T. GIFFE.

"This is the word of promise,"—ROM. 9: 9.

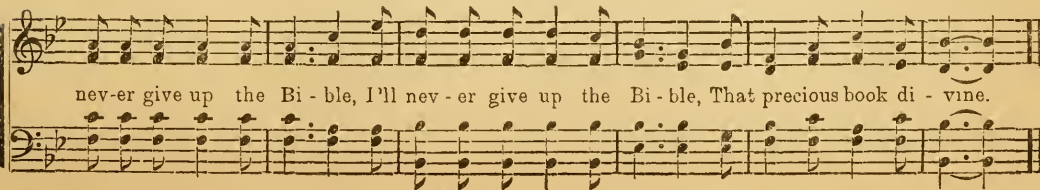


1. I'll not give up the Bi - ble, That pre - cious book di - vine; For glo - ry gilds its
 2. Tho' foes may fight a-against it, And en - e - mies com - bine, It's pre - cepts still shall
 3. When fate's wild storms o'ercloud me, And life's dark bil - lows roar, My chart shall be the

Chorus.



pag - es, And truth a-dorns each line.
 guide me, — As lights from heav'n they shine. I'll nev - er give up the Bi - ble, I'll
 Bi - ble, To guide to heav - en's shore.



nev - er give up the Bi - ble, I'll nev - er give up the Bi - ble, That precious book di - vine.

PRESSING TOWARD THE MARK.

S. S. GORBY.

"I press toward the mark,"—PHIL. 3 : 4.

GIFFE.

Not too fast.

1. We are press - ing toward the mark, For the prize of our high call - ing; Tho' the way be stormy, dark,
 2. We will nev - er be dis - mayed, Christ, our guide is al - ways near us; 'Tis I, be not a - fraid,"
 3. For - ward, faith - ful Chris - tian band, Nev - er fear the storm clouds o'er us; Je - sus rules the tempest, and

D.C. We are press - ing toward the mark, For - ward! let no hearts be fall - ing; Jesus guides each wave - toss'd barque.

*Fine.**Bold.**D.C.*

Tho' faint hearts a - round be fall - ing, We our course will nev - er al - ter, We will nev - er fear nor fal - ter.
 Are His lov - ing words to cheer us. On - ward, then, no faint - ing, fall - ing, To the prize of our high call - ing.
 He has passed the tomb be - fore us. For - ward, set the welk - in ring - ing, With our hap - py, joy - ous sing - ing.

While up - on life's sea we're sailing.

WE WILL MEET.

S. S. GORBY.

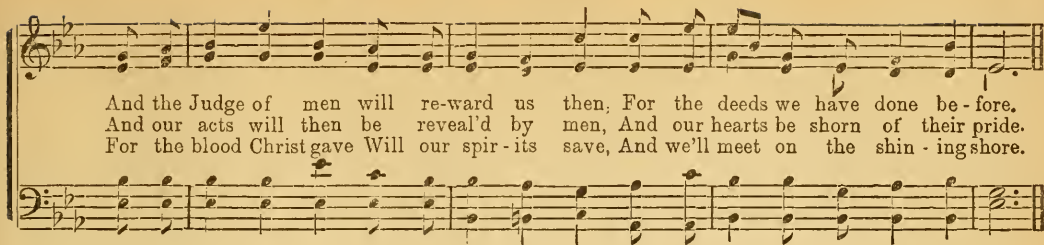
"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14 : 2.

L. M. GORDON.

1. We will meet, all meet, At the Sa - vior's feet, When the tri - als of life are o'er;
 2. We will meet, all meet, At the mer - cy seat, We will stand there side by side;
 3. We will meet, all meet, At the Sa - vior's feet, We will meet there to part no more;

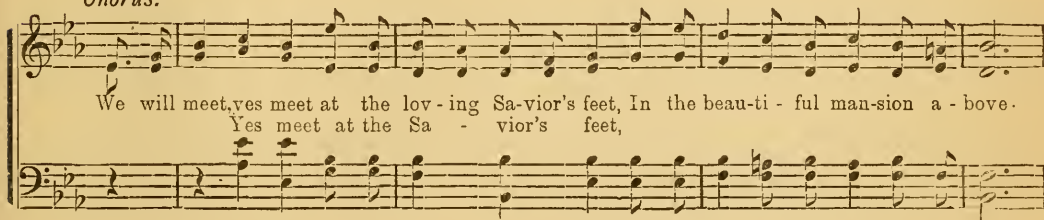
WE WILL MEET.—Concluded.

65

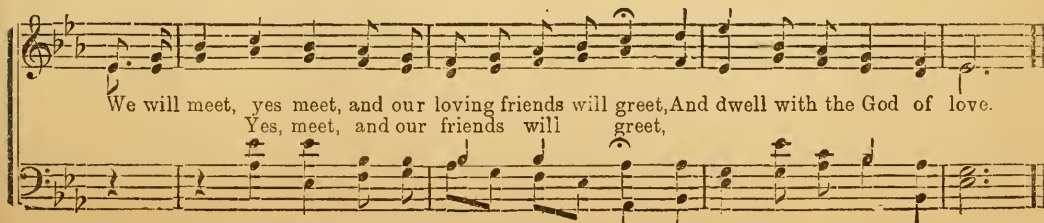


And the Judge of men will re-ward us then, For the deeds we have done be-fore.
 And our acts will then be reveal'd by men, And our hearts be shorn of their pride.
 For the blood Christ gave Will our spir-its save, And we'll meet on the shin-ing shore.

Chorus.



We will meet, yes meet at the lov-ing Sa-vior's feet, In the beau-ti-ful man-sion a-bove.
 Yes meet at the Sa-vior's feet,



We will meet, yes meet, and our loving friends will greet, And dwell with the God of love.
 Yes, meet, and our friends will greet,

IN THE CROSS I GLORY.

BOWRING.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross."—GAL. 6: 14.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred
 2. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on the way, From the cross the radiance

sto - ry Gath-ers'round its head sublime; When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and
 streaming Adds more lustre to the day; Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are

fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
 sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.


WE ARE COMING WITH SONG.

67

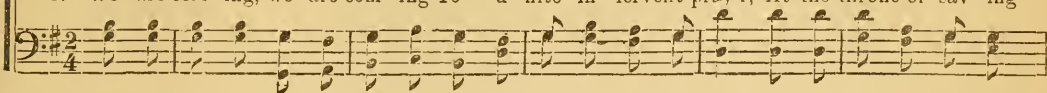
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

"And come with singing unto Zion."—Isa. 51 : 2.

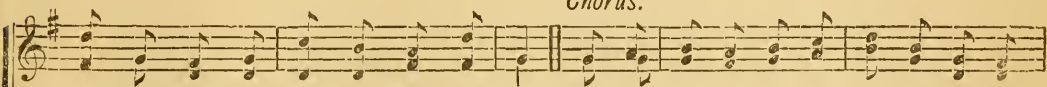
W. H. BURGETT.



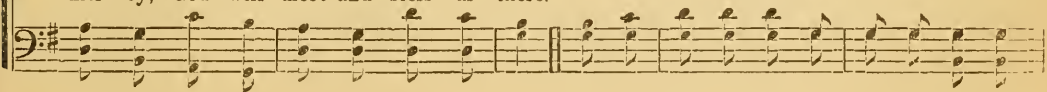
1. We are com - ing, we are com - ing To our Sabbath School so dear, And we join the hap - py
2. We are com - ing, we are com - ing From the homes we love so well; Oh, the joy the Sab - bath
3. We are com - ing, we are com - ing To u - nite in fervent pray'r, At the throne of sav - ing



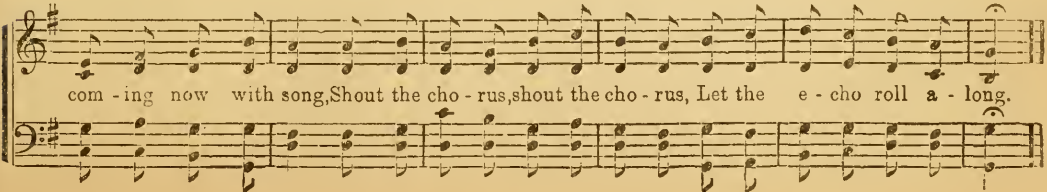
Chorus.



cho - rus With our voic - es full and clear.
brings us, And the peace we can - not tell. We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We are
mer - cy; God will meet and bless us there.



com - ing now with song, Shout the cho - rus, shout the cho - rus, Let the e - cho roll a - long.

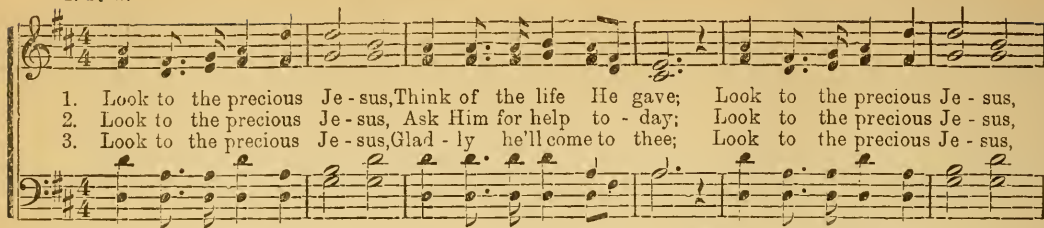


LOOK TO THE PRECIOUS JESUS.

"Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God."—JOHN 20:31.

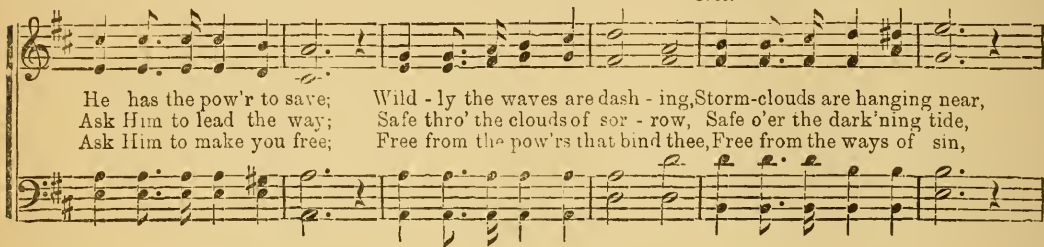
T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



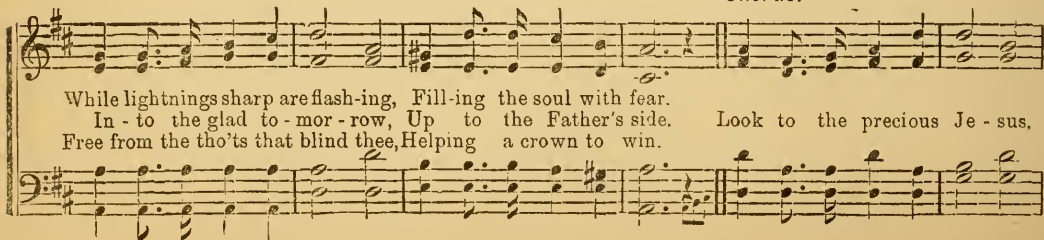
1. Look to the precious Je - sus, Think of the life He gave; Look to the precious Je - sus,
 2. Look to the precious Je - sus, Ask Him for help to - day; Look to the precious Je - sus,
 3. Look to the precious Je - sus, Glad - ly he'll come to thee; Look to the precious Je - sus,

Cres.



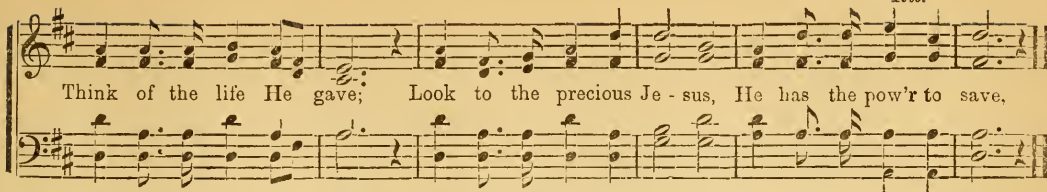
He has the pow'r to save; Wild - ly the waves are dash - ing, Storm-clouds are hanging near,
 Ask Him to lead the way; Safe thro' the clouds of sor - row, Safe o'er the dark'ning tide,
 Ask Him to make you free; Free from the pow'rs that bind thee, Free from the ways of sin,

Chorus.



While lightnings sharp are flash - ing, Fill - ing the soul with fear.
 In - to the glad to - mor - row, Up to the Father's side. Look to the precious Je - sus,
 Free from the tho'ts that blind thee, Helping a crown to win.

Rit.



Think of the life He gave; Look to the precious Je - sus, He has the pow'r to save,

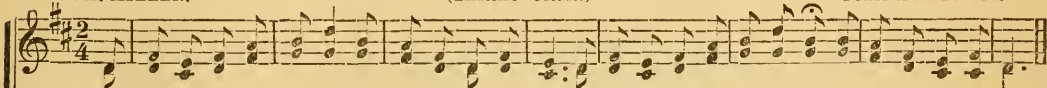
I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

"Who loved me and gave Himself for me."—GAL. 2: 20.

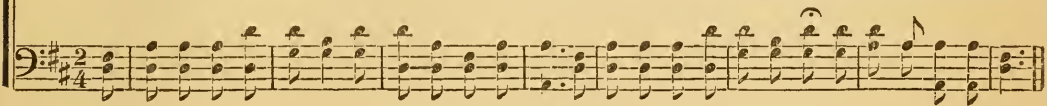
A. K. MILLER,

(Infant Class.)

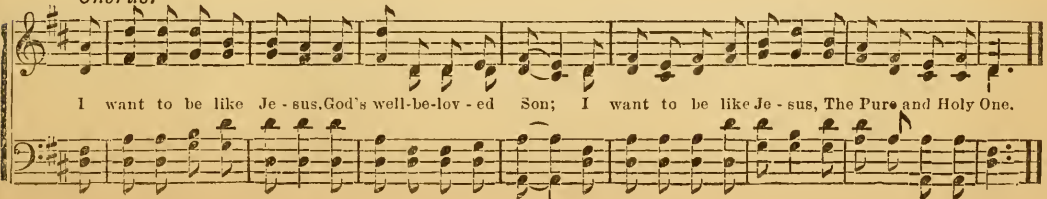
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. I want to be like Je - sus, So lowly and so meek; For no one marked an angry word, That ever heard Him speak.
2. I want to be like Je - sus, So frequently in prayer; A - lone up - on the mountain top, He met His Father there.
3. I want to be like Je - sus, En - gaged in do - ing good, So that of me it may be said, He hath done what He could.
4. A - las, I'm not like Je - sus, As a - ny one may see; Thy gen - tle Spir - it, Sa - vior, send, And make me like to Thee,



Chorus.



I want to be like Je - sus, God's well - be - lov - ed Son; I want to be like Je - sus, The Pure and Holy One.

NEARER HOME.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."—HEB. 4:9.

ALICE CARY.

W. T. G.

1. O'er the hill the sun is set-ting, And the eve is drawing on, Slowly drops the gen-tle
 2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the waters o'er, While the light is soft-ly
 3. Near-er home! yes, one day near-er To our Fath-er's house on high, To the green fields and the

twi-light, For an-oth-er day is gone; Gone for aye, its race is o-ver, Soon the
 dy-ing, On his dis-tant na-tive shore; Thus the Chris-tian on life's o-cean, As his
 foun-tains Of the land be-yond the sky; For the heav'n's grow bright-er o'er us, And the

dark-er shades will come, Still 'tis sweet to know at e-ven, We are one day nearer home.
 light boat cuts the foam, In the eve-ning cries with rapture, I am one day nearer home.
 lamps hang in the dome, And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.

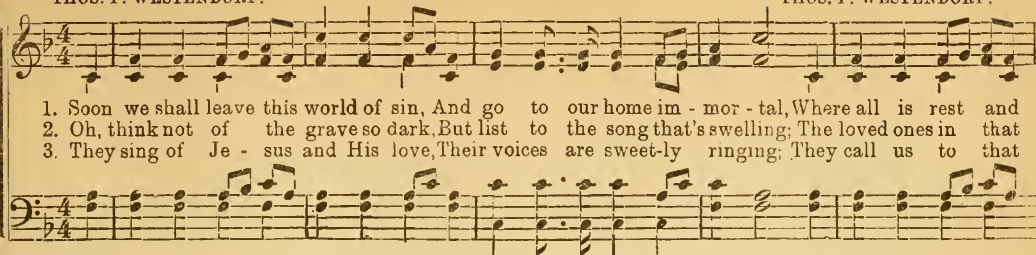
BEAUTIFUL ANGEL LAND.

71

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

"A better country, that is, a heavenly."—HEB. 11 : 16.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

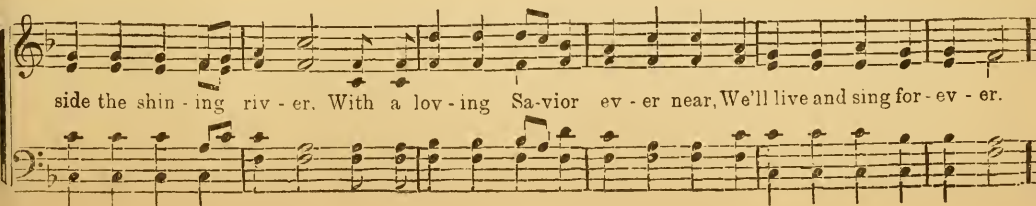


1. Soon we shall leave this world of sin, And go to our home im - mor - tal, Where all is rest and
 2. Oh, think not of the graves so dark, But list to the song that's swelling; The loved ones in that
 3. They sing of Je - sus and His love, Their voices are sweet-ly ringing; They call us to that

Chorus.



joy and peace, Beyond the gold-en por-tal.
 hap - py land, A sto - ry sweet are tell-ing. In the land where the beau-ti - ful an - gels are, Be-
 home a - bove, To join their hap - py sing-ing.



side the shin - ing riv - er. With a lov - ing Sa - vior ev - er near, We'll live and sing for - ev - er.

JESUS WANTS YOU.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Come, for all things are ready,"—LUKE 14: 17.

Partly composed by W. T. G.

Moderato

1. Thoughtless sinner, while you stay In the dark and sin - ful way, Of - ten wea - ry, sad and
 2. Con - trite sin - ner, seek his face, Meet Him at the throne of grace; Je - sus wants you, watch and
 3. Sons of praying mothers true, "There is room in heav'n for you." Sons and daughters heed His
 4. Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, Died to make sal - va - tion free, Blest Re - deem - er, King of

lone. Je - sus wants you for His own. Je - sus wants you, hear Him pleading, For your
 pray Kneel - ing at the gates of day. He will love you like no oth - er, Stick - ing
 call, Make the Lord your all in all. Je - sus wants you, Je - sus loves you; Now His
 Kings, With His glo - ry heav - en rings; Yet He wants you! Tell the sto - ry— Wants the

soul He's in - ter - ced - ing; Je - sus wants you, hear Him pleading, For your soul He's inter - ced - ing.
 clos - er than a broth - er, He will love you like no oth - er, Stick - ing clos - er than a broth - er.
 Ho - ly Spir - it moves you, Je - sus wants you. Je - sus loves you; Now His Ho - ly Spir - it moves you.
 world to share His glo - ry; Yet He wants you! Tell the sto - ry— Wants the world to share His glo - ry.

PRESS WE ON.

73

REV. T. J. SHELTON.

"I press towards the mark." - PHIL. 3 : 14.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, on thy love re - ly - ing, I am com - ing un - to thee; Yea, in liv - ing
 2. Tho' my earth - ly crown be thorn - y, Thou wilt give a bright - er one; Tho' my earth - ly
 3. Faith can sing in bit - ter sor - row; Love can drive a - way my fears; Trust - ing for a

Chorus.

or in dy - ing I will still re - mem - ber thee.
 voyage be stormy, O'er the cloud's bright shines the sun. Press we on in self - de - ni - al,
 bright to - mor - row, Hope can wipe a - way my tears.

To the crown our coming waits; Joy will end all care and tri - al When we pass the pear - ly gates

NEARER.

T. J. SHELTON.

"For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—Rom. 13: 11.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Nearer the Sa-vior, near-er, near-er God, Near-er the gold-en gate, Near-er the mansions,
 2. Nearer the port of glo-ry, near-er rest, Near-er the crys-tal tide, Near-er the roll-ing
 3. Nearer our home, yes, near-er, near-er home, Home of the Lord of love, Oh, we will rest, for-
 4. Nearer the song, the crown and harp of gold, Sing-ing of "Home, sweet home," Lis-ten! the mu-sic

Chorus.

beau-ti-ful and fair, Watching the hours we wait. Longing, working, wait-ing the day,
 riv-er, near-er peace, Near-er the oth-er side.
 ey-er we will rest, Safe in our home a-bove.
 draw-eth near-er now, Yes, we are near-er home.

Midnight darkness pass-eth a-way, Shepherd, dear Shepherd, keep us lest we stray, Hear us while we pray.

LOOK UP AND SEE THE LIGHT.

75

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND.

"Whereas I was blind, but now I see."—JOHN 10:25.

SAMUEL TRACY.

1. When by af - flic - tion sore - ly tried, And wrapp'd in sor - row's night; My soul cries out in sad de -
2. Up - ward to God I turn my eye, Tho' clouds ob - scure my sight; O, Sa - vior hear my hum - ble
3. When Je - sus whis - pers in my ear, With words of ten - der love; "Look up, dear child, dis - miss thy
4. This fills my heart with glad sur - prise, My faith grows strong and bright; Then hope re - vives, and doubt re -
5. And when from earth I'm call'd a - way, And heav'n ap - pears in sight; Me - thinks I'll hear my Sa - vior

Chorus. Lively.

spair, A - las! for me no light.
cry, O, send a ray of light,
fears, There's al - ways light a - bove."
moves; I look and see the light.
say; Look up and see the light.

Look up, look up..... and see the light; O sin - uer

Look up, look up

and see the light,

dear,..... your Savior's near,..... O, sinner dear, your Savior's near, Look up and see the light.
O, sinner dear, your Savior's near.



IS THERE ANY ONE HERE!

"Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cause you to dwell in this place."—JAS. 7:3.

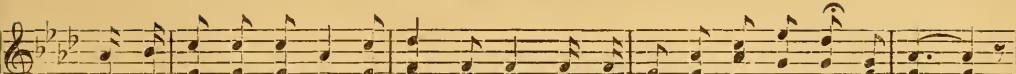
E. R. LATTA.

W. T. GIFFE.


1. Is there an - y one here whose heart is touch'd By a pen - i - tent sor-row for sin?
 2. Is there an - y one here whose heart is touch'd By the sound of the heav-en - ly strain
 3. Is there an - y one here whose heart is touch'd By the fin - ger of in - fi - nite love?

Let him come and ob-tain sal - va - tion now, And the work of the Mas-ter be - gin;
 That comes from the an-gels who tell his birth, As the shepherds keep watch on the plain?
 Let him come and ob-tain sal - va - tion now, Let him start for the cit - y a - bove!

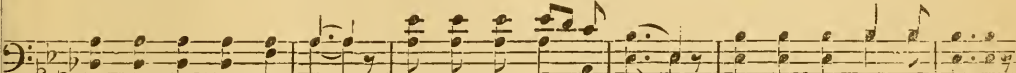
We have slighted His love and grace di - vine, Yet He wait-eth our sins to for - give;
 Let him come and ob-tain sal - va - tion now, To the gra-cious Re-deem-er ap - ply;
 We will wan-der no more a - way from Thee, At the al - tar of mer-cy we bow;




He is call-ing you now with lov-ing voice, To ac-cept of His mer-cy and live.
 Let him, cast-ing a-side his pride and fear, To the sin-ner's Be-thes-da draw nigh.
 In Thy pit-y and love our sins for-give, We are com-ing, dear Lord, to Thee now.

Chorus.


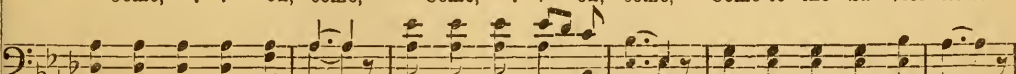
Come, . . oh, come, Come, . . oh, come, Come to the Savior now!



Come to the Sa-vior, come! Pen-i-tent sin-ner, come! Come to the Sa-vior now!



Come, . . oh, come, Come, . . oh, come, Come to the Sa-vior now!



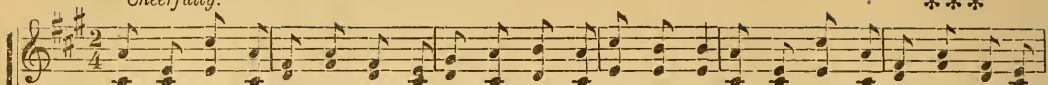
Come to the Sa-vior, come! Pen-i-tent sin-ner, come! Come to the Sa-vior now!

CHEER UP, CHRISTIAN.

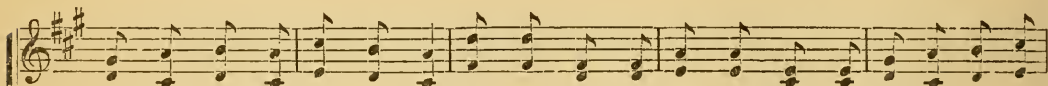
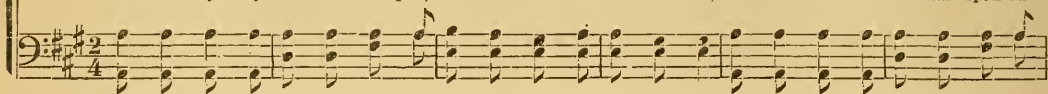
MARY J. CHAPPELL.

Cheerfully.

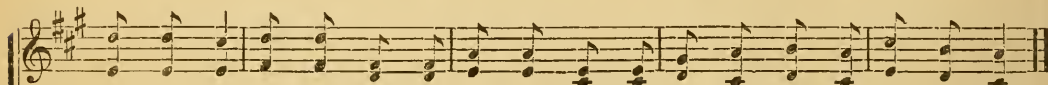
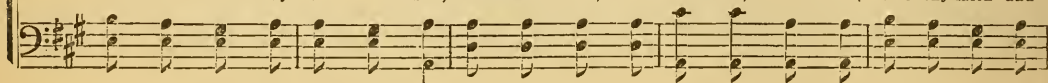
"I will never leave thee."—HEB. 13: 5.



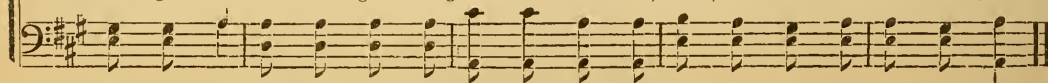
1. Cheer up, Chris-tian! why that sad-ness? What has caus'd thy grief and fear? Hast thou not some room for glad-ness?
2. Cheer up, Chris-tian! did thy Sa-vior Say no tri - als should be borne? Nay, He led the way be - fore thee,
3. Soon the mys-tery will be o - pen, Now to mor - tal vis - ion seal'd; Not a word that He has spok-en



Is not Je - sus ev - er near? Cheer up, Chris - tian! why de - spond - ing That the way is
 Trod the wine - press all a - lone: Cheer up, Chris - tian; be not faith - less Lean up - on thy
 But will one day be re - veal'd; On - ward then, O Chris-tian, on - ward, Let thy faith and



dark and drear? Cease thy fret - ting and thy murm'ring, For a light will yet ap - pear.
 Sa - vior, God; Trust Him where thou canst not trace Him, Thou wilt find a rich re - ward.
 cour - age rise! See! a glit - tering crown a - waits thee, Strive, O strive to win the prize.



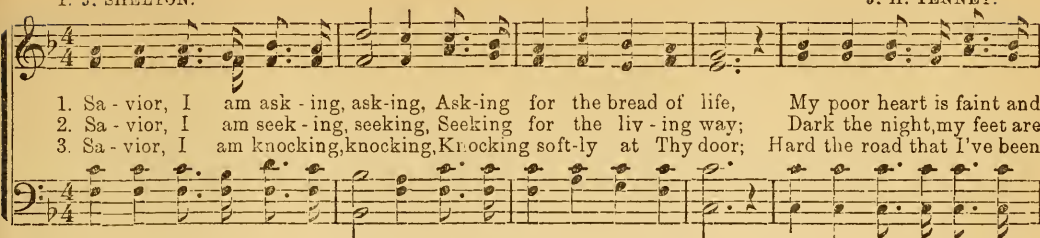
*From "Praise Offering" by per.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

79

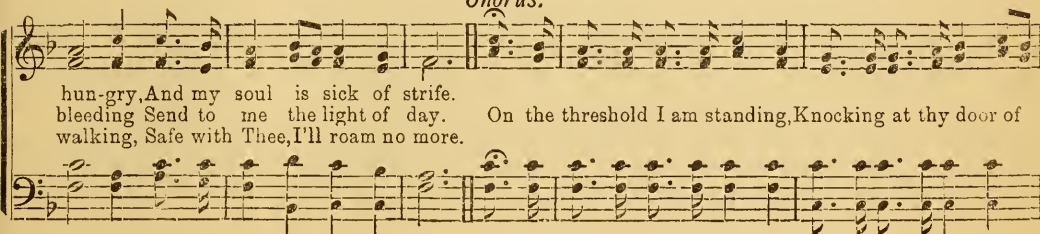
"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—MATT. 7: 7.
T. J. SHELTON.

J. H. TENNEY.

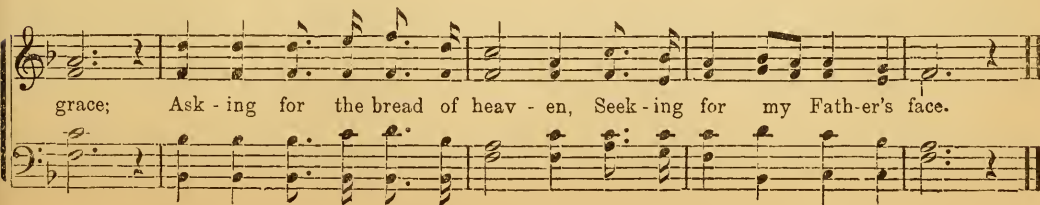


1. Sa - vior, I am ask - ing, ask-ing, Ask-ing for the bread of life, My poor heart is faint and
 2. Sa - vior, I am seek - ing, seeking, Seeking for the liv - ing way; Dark the night, my feet are
 3. Sa - vior, I am knocking, knocking, Knocking soft-ly at Thy door; Hard the road that I've been

Chorus.



hun-gry, And my soul is sick of strife.
 bleeding Send to me the light of day. On the threshold I am standing, Knocking at thy door of
 walking, Safe with Thee, I'll roam no more.



grace; Ask - ing for the bread of heav - en, Seek - ing for my Fath-er's face.

WORK FOR JESUS NOW.

S. S. GORBY.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—EccL. 9: 10.

F. R. WEBB.

1. What-so - ev - er is con-ven-ient Always do, And per-haps a task more pleasant
2. Work-ers can-not spend their moments I - dly here, If they'd leave a path be-hind them

Waits for you; Let your hand be will - ing, faith - ful, Firm - ly hold the plow;
Clean and clear; To the front, then, gal - lant lead - ers, Mind not storm nor sun;

Chorus.

This is the aus-pi-cious moment, Work for Je-sus now. Work for Je - sus! work for Jesus!
Press the con-flict like brave heroes, Till the prize is won.

Firm - ly hold the plow; This is the aus - pi - cious moment, Work for Je - sus now.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

"We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—I. JOHN 3 : 2.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. We shall be like Him, Oh, beau - ti - ful tho't! Well may our glad souls with rapture be wro't;
2. Af - ter the con - flict in peace to sit down, Af - ter the cross to be wreath'd with a crown;
3. Death! 'tis this tho't does a-way with thy sting, Makes us tri - um - phant to meet thee and sing,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

Af - ter the sor - rows, the woe and the tears, We shall be like Him when Je - sus ap - pears.
Af - ter the dust and the toil of the way, With Him and like Him for - ev - er to stay.
"Glo - ry to God," when the Jordan is pass'd, We shall go home and be like Him at last.

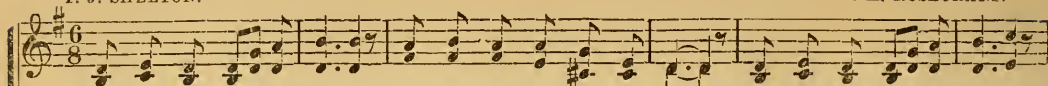
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

SEEKING TO SAVE.

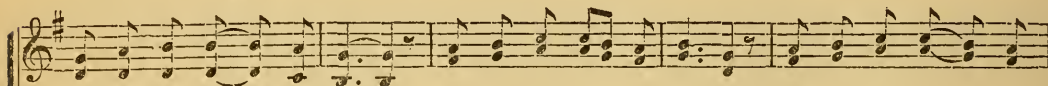
"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19; 10.

T. J. SHELTON.

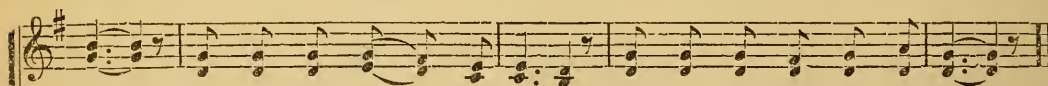
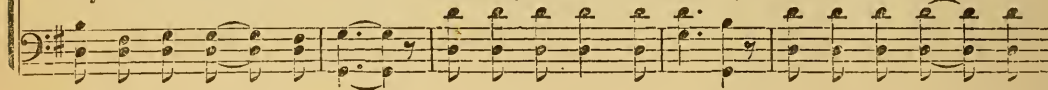
J. H. ROSECRANS.



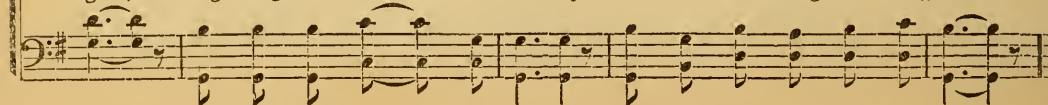
1. Seek-ing to save the fallen, Those who are out of the way; Out in the wild, waste places,
2. Seek-ing to save the sinful, Bear-ing our sor-row He came; Teach-ing the true and loving
3. Giv-ing the liv-ing water Un-to the worn, thirsty soul; Saying to those who trust Him:



Wan-der-ing lov'd ones stray; Out on the lone-ly high-way, Yea, on the crowd ed
Faith in the dear Father's name. Seek-ing the sick and starving, Giv-ing the hun-gry
"Thy faith doth make thee whole." Tell-ing the dear old sto-ry, O-ver and o-ver a-



street, Down in the low-est val-ley, You'll see the print of His feet.
bread, Mak-ing the flow-er of heav-en Bloom in the grave of the dead.
gain, Reign-ing in love and beau-ty, Sa-vior and King a-mong men.



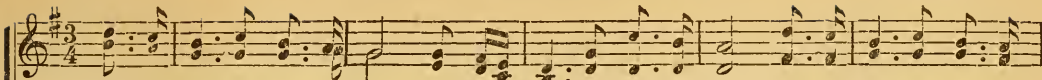
LORD, I BRING MY LIFE.

83

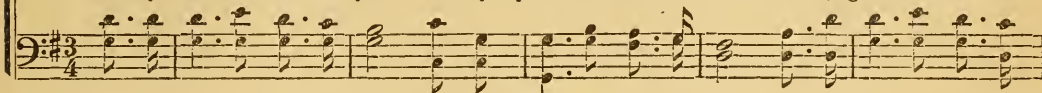
T. J. SHELTON.

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself."—ACTS 20; 24.

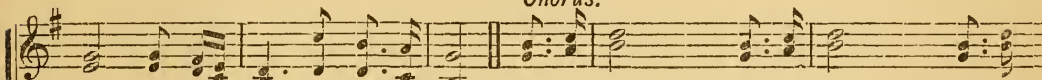
J. H. ROSECRANS.



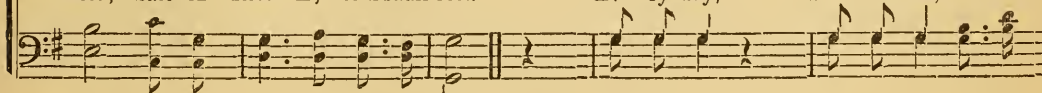
1. Lord, I bring my life to Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; O my Sa-vior, cru - ci -
 2. To Thy cross, O Lord, I cling, In Thy name my trib - ute bring; All I am and have are
 3. Thou art life and love to me, Let my heart a-bide in Thee; Lead my feet in wisdom's
 4. O my Sa - vior, Thou art just, In Thy prom - is - es I trust; For my good thou know-est



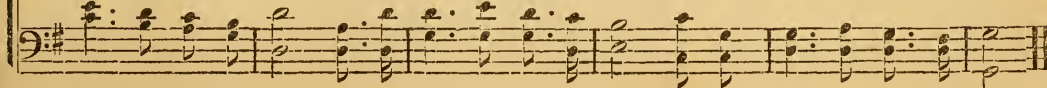
Chorus.



fied, Draw me near Thy wounded side. Ev - 'ry day while I live, Lord, to
 Thine, Take me, Lord, my gold re - fine.
 way, Teach me, Lord, to watch and pray,
 best; Safe in Thee my soul shall rest. Ev - 'ry day, while I live,




Thee my life I give; O my Sa - vior cru - ci - fied, Draw me near Thy wounded side.



"We also believe, and therefore speak."—2 Cor. 4; 13.

A favorite in England.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come to this poor world of sin and death; Nor yet be-held Thy cottage
 2. We saw Thee not when lift-ed high, A - mid that wild and sav - age crew; Nor heard we that im-plor-ing
 3. We gazed not in the o - pen tomb. Where once Thy mangled bod - y lay; Nor saw Thee in that 'upper
 4. We walked not with the chos - en few, Who saw Thee from the earth ascend; Who rais'd to heav'n their woud ring

Chorus.

home, In that de - spis - ed Naz - a - reth. But we be - lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and
 cry, For - give they know not what they do. But we be - lieve the deed was done That shook the
 room, Nor met Thee on the o - pen way. But we be - lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the
 view, Then low to earth all prostrate bend. But we be - lieve that hu - man eyes, Be - held that

plains, Thou Son of God; But we be - lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
 earth and veiled the sun; But we be - lieve the deed was done That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
 liv - ing with the dead? But we be - lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
 jour - ney to the skies; But we be - lieve that hu - man eyes Be - held that jour - ney to the skies.

From the "Morning Star," by per.

HARVEST HYMN.

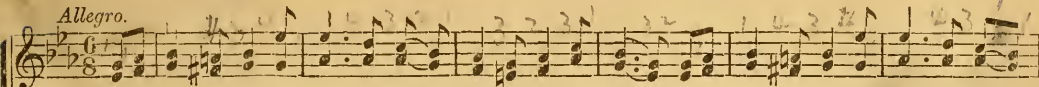
85

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—JOHN 4: 35.

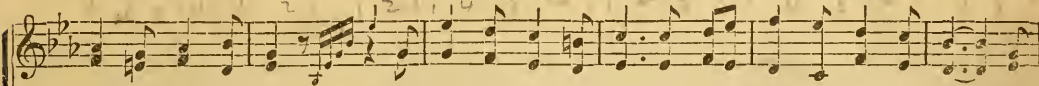
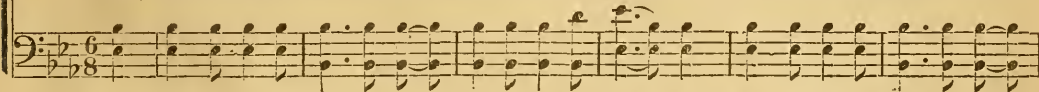
From "Sunday at Home."

(For festival occasions and concerts.) Arr. from Donizetti by W. T. GIFFE.

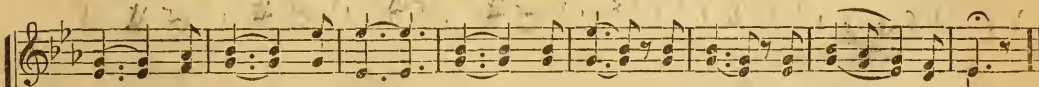
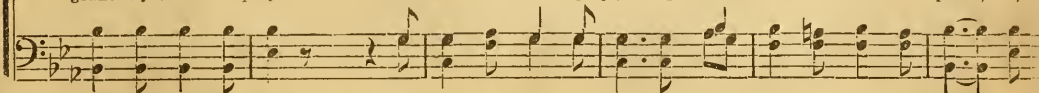
Allegro.



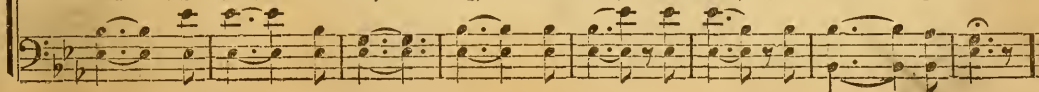
1. Bright rays of Autumn quiv - er On the fields of fretted gold, By pur - ple hill and riv - er Wide
2. The pre - cious things of heav - en, Warm days and dew - y nights, Soft rain in sea - son giv - en, Bright
3. And now like hands up - lift - ed, The sheaves in or - der stand, To praise the Lord who gift - ed With
4. Lord, while the whole cre - a - tion Bears wit - ness to Thy care, Oh, hear our sup - pli - cation. And



o'er the land un - rolled; And while the reap - ers gath - er, The wealth of har - vest days, To
clouds and ten - der lights, Their gen - ial in - fluence blending, Ma - tured the sow - er's boon, Till
plen - teous stores the land; Our lips shall own His kind - ness, And tell his love a - broad, To
grant Thy children's prayer! While thus our wants sup - ply - ing, Our ta - ble Thou dost spread, O,



Thee, Oh boun - teous Fath - er! We lift, we lift, our songs of praise.
heav - y ears were bend - ing, Be - neath, be - neath the har - vest moon.
shame the wil - ful blind - ness, Of those, of those who know not God.
feed our souls un - dy - ing, With Christ, with Christ, the Liv - ing Bread.



WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

"And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."—JOHN 22 : 32.

T. P. W.
Tenderly.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Je - sus, 'Thou art di - vine, Be Thou my guide; Let not these feet of mine
2. How sweet to do Thy will, Day af - ter day; Oh, then, di - rect me still,

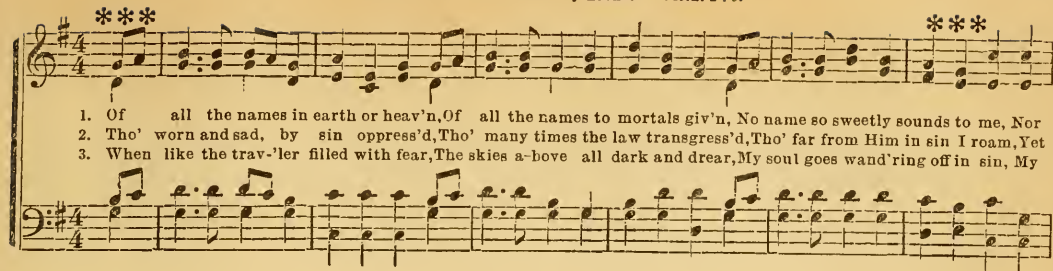
Stray from Thy side. Where Thy hand lead - eth me, Safe - ly I
Show me the way; In paths of truth and right, All thro' the

fol - low Thee, My soul from sin is free, When Thou art near.
dark - 'ning night, Be Thou my shin - ing light, O be Thou near.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

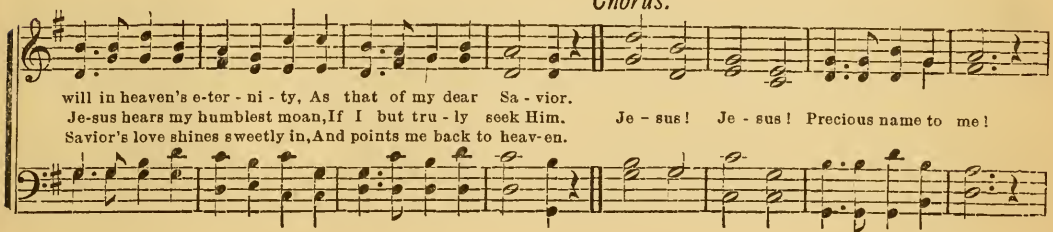
87

"A name which is above every name."—PHIL. 2:9.

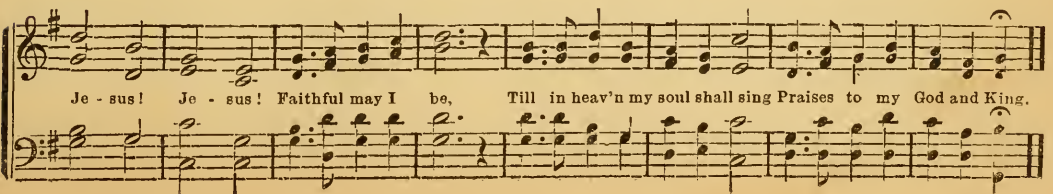


1. Of all the names in earth or heav'n, Of all the names to mortals giv'n, No name so sweetly sounds to me, Nor
 2. Tho' worn and sad, by sin oppress'd, Tho' many times the law transgress'd, Tho' far from Him in sin I roam, Yet
 3. When like the trav'ler filled with fear, The skies a-bove all dark and drear, My soul goes wand'ring off in sin, My

Chorus.



will in heav'n's e-ter-ni-ty, As that of my dear Sa-vior.
 Je-sus hears my humblest moan, If I but tru-ly seek Him. Je - sus! Je - sus! Precious name to me!
 Savior's love shines sweetly in, And points me back to heav-en.



Je - sus! Je - sus! Faithful may I be, Till in heav'n my soul shall sing Praises to my God and King.

SAFE UNDER HIS WING.

"Thou art my hiding place.—Ps. 32 : 7.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy wing a - bid - ing, Close to a sym - pa - thiz - ing Savior's side;
 2. O, if the soul grow strong thro' suffer - ing only, If but thro' tri - al it may reach the goal,
 3. Yes, I will praise thee, tho' my tears are fall - ing Up - on the tremb - ling heartstrings as I sing;

In the sure promise of His love con - fid - ing, Why should I shrink, tho' earthly ills be - tide?
 I will re - joice al - tho' my way be lone - ly, And o'er me waves and billows cease - less roll.
 Am I not safe, tho' griefs my heart appall - ing, Un - der the shad - ow of my Fath - er's wing?

Refrain.

Un - der the shad - ow, Un - der the shad - ow, Un - der the shad - ow of my Father's wing,

There rest I safe-ly, there rest I peace-ful-ly, Un-der the shad-ow of my Fath-er's wing.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Safe Under His Wing'. It is written in a key of B-flat major (two flats) and a common time signature (C). The melody is on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the staff. The music consists of a single line of melody with a final cadence.

I WILL COME TO JESUS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—MARK 10: 14.

(For the Infant Class.)

DAVID COLVIN.

1. I will come to Je-sus In my ear-ly youth; Trusting in His mer-cy, Rest-ing on His truth.
2. I will fol-low Je-sus, Close-ly ev-'ry day; I will call Him Mas-ter, And His word o-bey.
3. Je-sus, lov-ing Sa-vior, Hear my hum-ble plea; Let me share Thy fa-vor, Let me live with thee.

This musical score is for the hymn 'I Will Come to Jesus'. It is written in a key of B-flat major (two flats) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the staff. The music consists of a single line of melody with a final cadence.

Chorus.

I will come, I will come, I will come to Je-sus, I will come, I will come, In my ear-ly youth.

This musical score is for the chorus of the hymn 'I Will Come to Jesus'. It is written in a key of B-flat major (two flats) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the staff. The music consists of a single line of melody with a final cadence.

IF WE KNEW.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them,"—MATT. 7: 12.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. If we knew, when walk - ing thoughtless Thro' the crowd - ed dust - y way, That some pearl of
 2. If we knew what forms are faint - ing For the shade which we should fling, If we knew what
 3. If we knew what feet were wea - ry, Climbing up the hills of pain; By the world cast
 4. If we knew, when friends a - round us, Close - ly press to say "Good-by," Which a - mong the

won - drous white - ness Close be - side our path - way lay, We would pause where now we hast - en,
 lips are parch - ing For the wa - ter we should bring, We would haste with eag - er foot - steps,
 out as e - vil, Poor, re - pent - ant Mag - da - lenes; We no more would dare to scorn them
 lips that kiss us, First be - neath the flow'rs should lie, While like rain up - on their fa - ces,

We would oft - 'ner look a - round, Lest some care - less feet should trample Some rare jew - el in the ground.
 We would work with will - ing hands, Bear - ing cool - ing cups of wa - ter, Plant - ing rows of shad - ing palms.
 With our Phar - i - sa - ic pride, Wrapp - ing close our robes a - bout us, Pass - ing on the oth - er side.
 Fell our bit - ter blind - ing tears, Ten - der words of love e - ter - nal, We would whis - per in their ears,

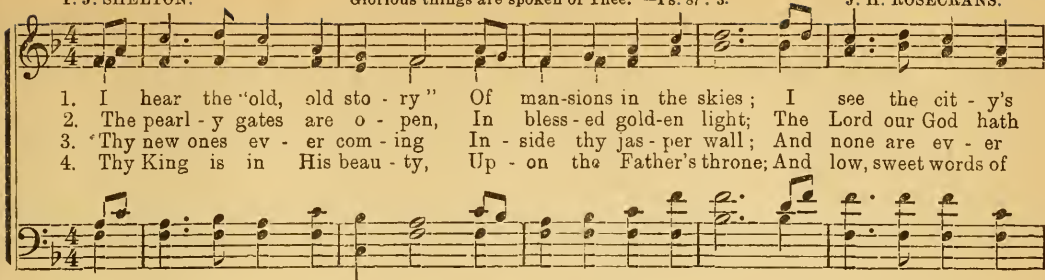
LOVELY ZION.

21

T. J. SHELTON.

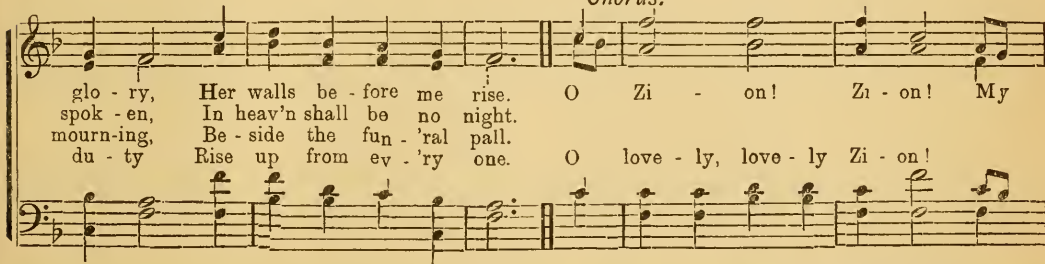
"Glorious things are spoken of Thee."—Ps. 87 : 3.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. I hear the "old, old sto - ry" Of man-sions in the skies ; I see the cit - y's
 2. The pearl - y gates are o - pen, In bless - ed gold - en light; The Lord our God hath
 3. 'Thy new ones ev - er com - ing In - side thy jas - per wall; And none are ev - er
 4. Thy King is in His beau - ty, Up - on the Father's throne; And low, sweet words of

Chorus.



glo - ry, Her walls be - fore me rise. O Zi - on! Zi - on! My
 spok - en, In heav'n shall be no night.
 mourn - ing, Be - side the fun - ral pall.
 du - ty Rise up from ev - 'ry one. O love - ly, love - ly Zi - on!

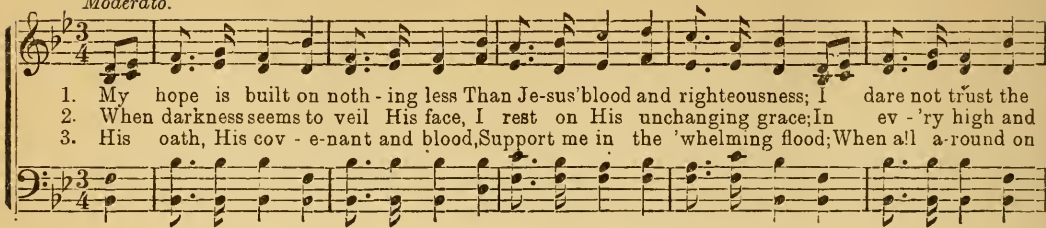


home so bright and fair, O Zi - on! Zi - on! Oh when shall I be there?
 O love - ly, love - ly Zi - on!

THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

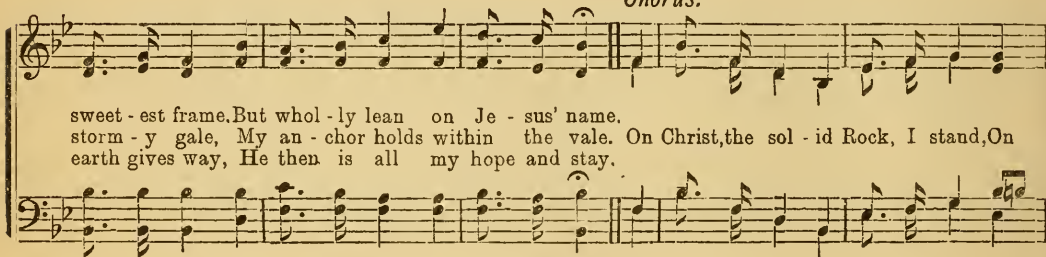
"Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul.—HEB. 6 : 19.

Moderato.

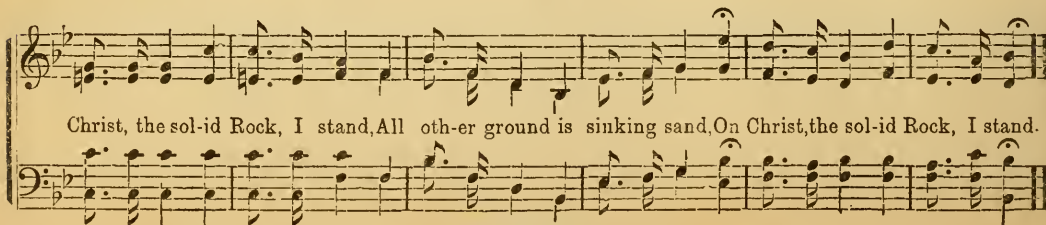


1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the
 2. When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry high and
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood; When all a - round on

Chorus.



sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 storm - y gale, My an - chor holds within the vale. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, On
 earth gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.



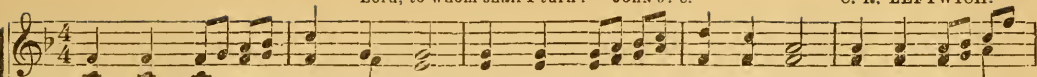
Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is sinking sand, On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand.

EVER FAITHFUL.

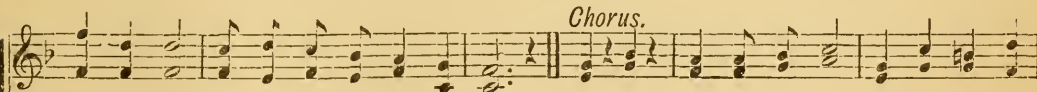
93

"Lord, to whom shall I turn?"—JOHN 6: 8.

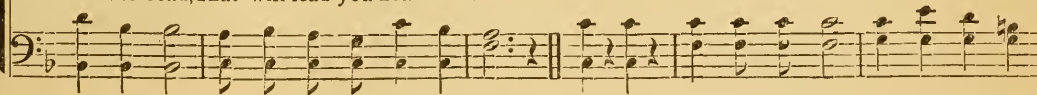
C. R. LEFTWICH.



1. Ev - er faith - ful, ey - er true, Christ, the Sa - vior speaks to you; Lit - tle chil-dren,
2. Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er kind, You with links of love he'll bind; Lis - ten, chil-dren
3. Come, his arms are o - pened wide, He will keep you by his side; Shield you with his
4. Do not loi - ter, do not stay, Choose at once the bet - ter way; Straight and narrow



hear his voice, He will make your hearts rejoice.
to his call, "Come," he bids you, one and all. Come, come, Je - sus says come, He will take you
watchful care, From the dead - ly tempter's snare.
is' the road, That will lead you home to God.



to his home, Lis - ten, chil-dren, to his call, "Come," he bids you, one and all.



WE KNOW NOT YET WHAT WE SHALL BE.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."—1 JOHN 3:2.

A. N. G.

ALFRED N. GILBERT.

1. We know not yet what we shall be, When Je-sus shall ap-pear, But all His glo-ry
 2. We know not yet what we shall be, But knowledge shall be ours, From ev-'ry pres-ent
 3. We know not all that we shall be, But ho-li-ness we crave, And we shall be from

1. We know not yet what we shall be, But all His glo-
 2. We know not yet what we shall be, From ev-'ry pres-
 3. We know not all that we shall be, And we shall be

we shall see, And words of blessing hear. Ar-ray'd in robes of daz-zling light Our
 er-ror free, Pos-sess'd of heav'nly pow'rs. We on-ly know in part be-low, And
 sin made free, By Him who died to save. We shall be like our ris-en Lord, His

ry, we shall see, Ar-ray'd in robes of dazzling white,
 ent er-ror free, We on-ly know in part be-low,
 from sin made free, We shall be like our ris-en Lord,

gracious Lord shall shine. And we shall be at that glad sight Transform'd by pow'r di-vine.
 oft in weak-ness groan, But there in His e-ter-nal glow, Shall know as we are known.
 prom-is-es are giv'n, But none like this can peace af-ford, "There is no sin in heav'n."

And we shall be at that glad sight,
 But there in His e-ter-nal glow,
 But none like this can peace af-ford,

WORK, WATCH, PRAY.*

95

GRACE GLENN.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Work when the morn-ing shin - eth, Work when the noonday gleams, Work when the day de-
 2. Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a read - y hand, Work for the pure and
 3. Work till the sum-mons com - eth, "Join with the hosts at rest," So shall thy days be

Chorus.

clin - eth, Work in the midnight dreams.
 ho - ly, Work for the true and grand. Work (and) watch (and) pray, Work for the day will
 joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.

soon be gone; Work (and) watch (and) pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.

* From "Songs of Gratitude," by per.

REV. H. BONAR.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Is. 33 : 2.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oppress'd with noonday's scorching heat, To yon-der cross I flee; Be-neath its shel-ter
 2. Be-neath that cross clear waters burst, A foun-tain full and free; And there I quench my
 3. For bur-den'd ones a rest-ing place, Be-side that cross I see; I here cast off my

take my seat, No shade like this for me. No shade like this, No
 des-ert thirst, No spring like this for me. No spring like this, No
 wear-i-ness, No rest like this for me. No rest like this, No

like this for me, for me,
 like this for me, for me,
 like this for me, for me,

shade like this for me, Be-neath its shel-ter take my seat, No shade like this for me
 spring like this for me, And there I quench my des-ert thirst, No spring like this for me.
 rest like this for me, I here cast off my wear-i-ness, No rest like this for me.

FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

97

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—Ec. 12: 7.

W. T. GIFFE.

Arr. from the German.

1. When the last fare-well is spoken, And the sil-ver chord is loosed; When the gold-en bowl is
 2. While the air of heav'n we're cleav-ing, And the rift-ed clouds make way, We shall see the glo-ry
 3. Sweep-ing thro' on an-gel pin-ions, We shall join the ran-som'd throng; All the harps in heav'n's do-
 4. Praising God thro' end-less a- ges! What a glo-rious time 'twill be, Saved from sin and all its

brok-en, And the spir-it is re-leased; An-gel guards will then at-tend us, As we
 gleam-ing From the land end-less day; Gold-en gates of heav'n will o-pen, O-pen
 min-ions, Then will strike the glad new song, "Glo-ry, glo-ry be for-ev-er, To the
 wag-es, Hap-py thro' e-ter-ni-ty; This will be the blest re-ward, Given to

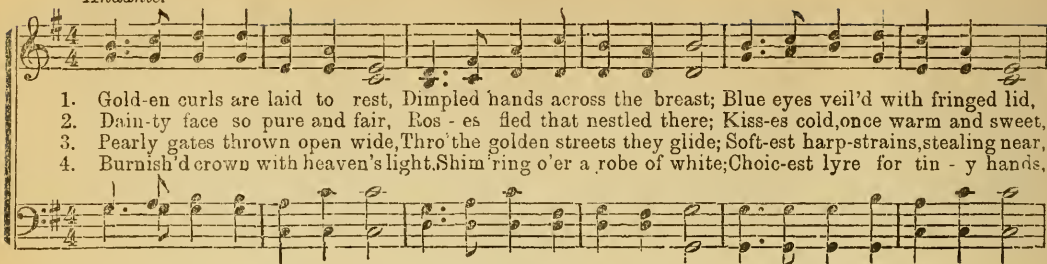
rise to heav'n a-bove, Guid-ed by the aid they'll lend us, We will reach that home of love.
 wide, while an-gels sing; For us then a wel-come to-ken, All the bells of heav'n will ring.
 King up-on the Throne, Gathered at the crys-tal riv-er, With our friends we'll be at home.
 them that serve him here, Cheered by God's own ho-ly word, We'll be strong when death draws near.

LAID TO REST.

MRS. MARY E. FISH.
Andante.

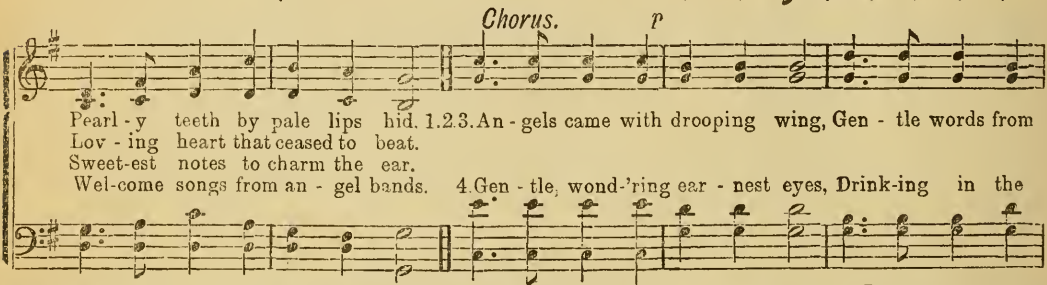
"Passed from death unto life."—JOHN 3:14.
(For the Funeral of a Little Child.)

J. A. SMITH.



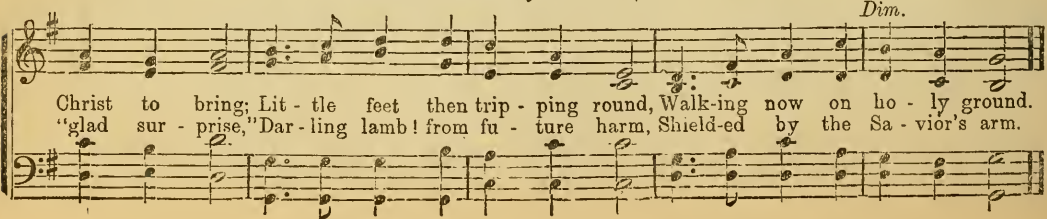
1. Gold-en curls are laid to rest, Dimpled hands across the breast; Blue eyes veil'd with fringed lid,
2. Dain-ty face so pure and fair, Ros-es fled that nestled there; Kiss-es cold, once warm and sweet,
3. Pearly gates thrown open wide, Thro' the golden streets they glide; Soft-est harp-strains, stealing near,
4. Burnish'd crown with heaven's light, Shim-ring o'er a robe of white; Choic-est lyre for tin-y hands,

Chorus. *p*



Pearl-y teeth by pale lips hid. 1. 2. 3. An-gels came with drooping wing, Gen-tle words from
Lov-ing heart that ceased to beat.
Sweet-est notes to charm the ear.
Wel-come songs from an-gel bands. 4. Gen-tle, wond'-ring ear-nest eyes, Drink-ing in the

Dim.



Christ to bring; Lit-tle feet then trip-ping round, Walk-ing now on ho-ly ground.
"glad sur-prise," Dar-ling lamb! from fu-ture harm, Shield-ed by the Sa-vior's arm.

UNIVERSAL VICTORY.

99

"All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O Lord."—Ps. 85: 9.

REV. G. MARTINDALE.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. The na - tions to Je - sus shall bow, And bask in the light of His love; His Spir - it is
 2. O, see they are com - ing in throngs, O, hear their glad voic - es of praise; How sweet their me -
 3. Bright jewels to Je - sus we bring, And walk in His glo - ri - ous ways; En - rap - tured with

leading them now To rest in the man - sions a - bove; The chil - dren to Je - sus shall come, "Of
 lo - di - ous songs, That tell of His won - der - ful grace; "Ho - san - na," to Je - sus they cry, All
 love will we sing, And join in the an - them of praise; The na - tions to Je - sus shall bow, And

such is the kingdom," He said, He's gone to pre - pare them a home, A place with the angels of God.
 glo - ry to Him shall be given, We'll praise Him above in the sky, Adore Him for - ev - er in heav'n.
 bask in the light of His love, His Spir - it is lead - ing them now, To rest in the man - sions a - bove.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

"Rejoicing in hope." Rom. 12 : 12.

C. J. WARD.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, When the darkness all is o'er; With the wea - ry journey end - ed, We shall
 2. When we've done the work that's given For each fol - lower here to do, God will call us home to heav - en, With the
 3. We shall see, and be like Je - sus, He a crown of life will give; Dressed in robes of snow - y whiteness, We'll for -

Chorus.

meet up - on that shore. We shall meet on that shore, And we'll sing ev - er -
 faith - ful and the true.
 ev - er with him live. Yes, we'll meet on that shore, Yes, we'll sing,

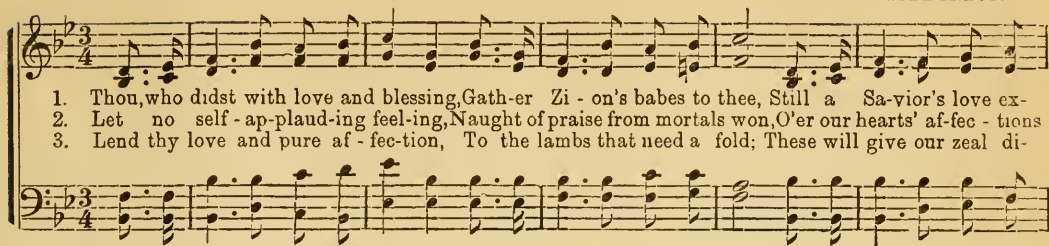
more, With the loved who've gone be - fore, When we meet on that shining shore, by and by.
 ev - er - more With the loved who've gone before,

GATHERED WITH LOVE AND BLESSING.

101

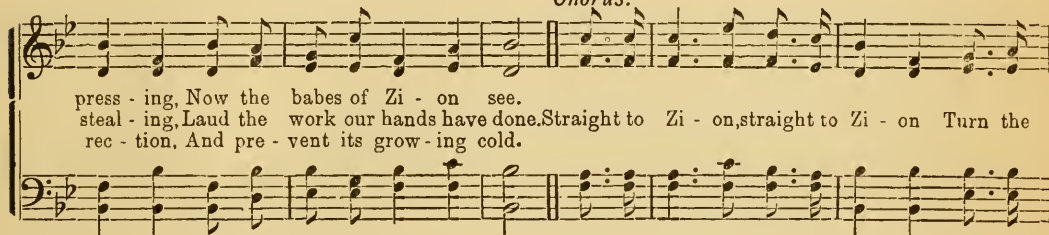
"Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—EPH. 6: 4.

SAMUEL TRACY.

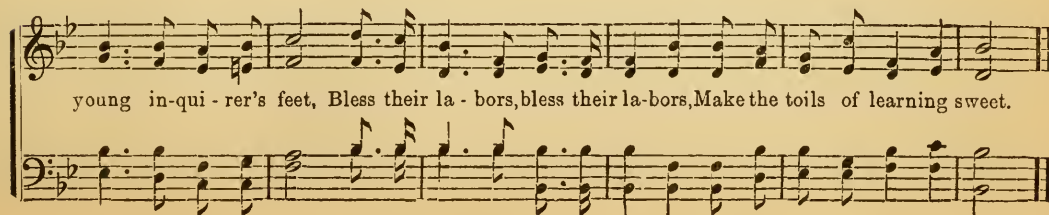


1. Thou, who didst with love and blessing, Gather Zi - on's babes to thee, Still a Sa - vior's love ex -
 2. Let no self - ap - plaud - ing feel - ing, Naught of praise from mortals won, O'er our hearts' af - fec - tions
 3. Lend thy love and pure af - fec - tion, To the lambs that need a fold; These will give our zeal di -

Chorus.



press - ing, Now the babes of Zi - on see.
 steal - ing, Laud the work our hands have done. Straight to Zi - on, straight to Zi - on Turn the
 rec - tion, And pre - vent its grow - ing cold.



young in - qui - rer's feet, Bless their la - bors, bless their la - bors, Make the toils of learning sweet.

VICTORY OVER SIN.

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—I Cor. 15: 57.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. The Sa-vior has triumphed o'er death and sin, And purchased redemption for me; I trust in the
 2. No pow - er in earth can my guilt remove, Or cleanse me from sin and from stain; I trust in the
 3. And now that I'm saved from my guilt and sin, My soul would exulting-ly sing; For vic - to - ry

Chorus.

blood that flowed from the cross, And now from my sins I am free,
 blood that flowed from the cross, The blood of the Lamb that was slain.
 in the blood of the Lamb, An an - them of glo - ry I bring.

Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry!

cres.

Vic - try o - ver sin; I trust in the blood that flowed from the cross, For victory o - ver sin.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

103

"For the Lord hath chosen Zion."—Ps. 132 : 13.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. { Beau - ti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y that I love, }
 { Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple, God its light; }
 2. { Beau - ti - ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beau - ti - ful palms the con - q'ers show, }
 { Beau - ti - ful robes the ransom'd wear, Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there; }

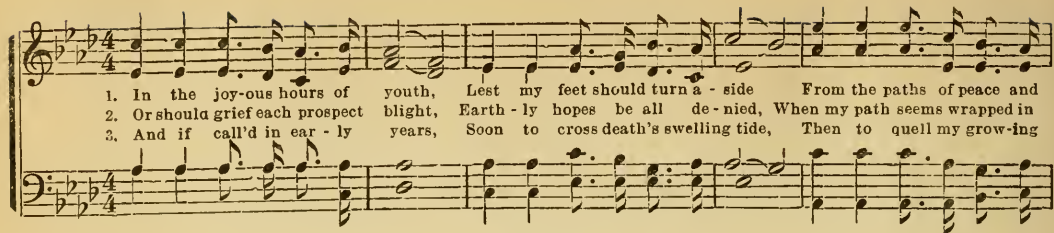
Beau - ti - ful heav'n where all is bright, . Beau - ti - ful an - gels clothed in white, .
 Beau - ti - ful throne for Christ our King, . Beau - ti - ful songs the an - gels sing, .

Beau - ti - ful streams that nev - er tire, . . . Beau - ti - ful harps through all the choir, . .
 Beau - ti - ful rest, all wand'ring cease, . Beau - ti - ful home of per - fect peace. . .

FATHER, BE MY GUIDE.

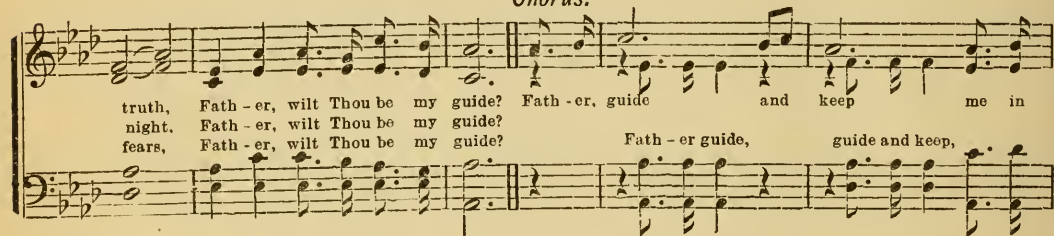
"The eternal God is thy refuge."—DEUT. 33 : 27.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

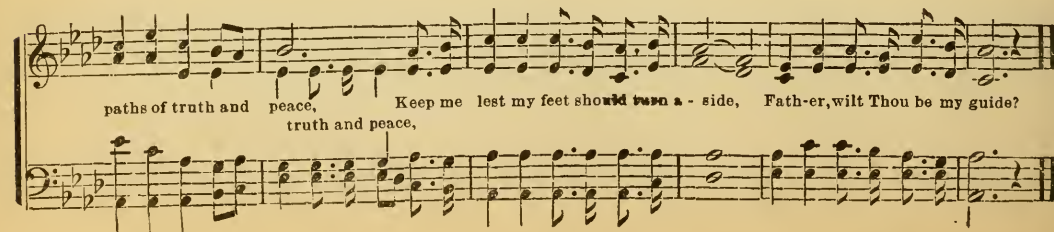


1. In the joy-ous hours of youth, Lest my feet should turn a - side From the paths of peace and
 2. Or should grief each prospect blight, Earth - ly hopes be all de - nied, When my path seems wrapped in
 3. And if call'd in ear - ly years, Soon to cross death's swelling tide, Then to quell my grow-ing

Chorus.



truth, Fath - er, wilt Thou be my guide? Fath - er, guide and keep me in
 night, Fath - er, wilt Thou be my guide?
 fears, Fath - er, wilt Thou be my guide? Fath - er guide, guide and keep,



paths of truth and peace, Keep me lest my feet should turn a - side, Fath - er, wilt Thou be my guide?
 truth and peace,

HARVEST TIME.

105

MRS. W. H. BENEDICT.

"For they are already white for the harvest."—JOHN 4: 35.

C. R. LEFTWICH.

1. Teachers, while the har-vest lasts, Shall we gath-er gold-en grain; Or let it fall to
2. We would rath-er bring the sheaves, And sing the "harvest home," When the cit-y's gold-en
3. We would hear the glad "well done," And take the blood-bought crown, As safe with-in the

Chorus.

earth and waste 'Mid tares that fill the plain. 1. No, no, let us join in the song, the
gates un-bar, As the toil-ing reap-ers come. 2. & 3. Then, then, we will
glit-t'ring walls, We lay our trophies down.

1. No, no, no,
2. & 3. Then, yes, then,

song the an-gels sing, Join in the song the an-gels sing, Je-sus is our King

Yes

RECRUIT FOR JESUS.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. 4: 11.
(Infant Class.)

S. S. GORBY,

G.

1. Come chil-dren, dear chil-dren, to Je - sus, the king, In songs with glad voi - ces His prais - es we'll sing;
2. Our Sa - vior says "Come, lit - tle chil-dren, to me, For of chil-dren the kingdom of heaven shall be;"
3. We know we are weak, and but chil-dren we be, But our King was a child once no lar - ger than we;
4. But come, we al - read - y have wait - ed too long, 'Tis time we were sing - ing that beau - ti - ful song;

And march 'neath the banner of mer - cy and love, Till we reach the bright realms of our Sa - vior a - bove.
Let us join the glad ar - my and sing the glad song, And recruit for our King while we're pass - ing a - long.
And since He has call'd us we sure - ly will go, For we know He'll not ask more than chil - dren can do.
Let us strike the first note, Make our glad voices ring, With glo - ry for - ev - er to Je - sus our King.

Chorus.

Come chil - dren come, to Christ while we sing, Come, chil-dren come, be re - cruits for the King,

Come, to Christ while we sing, Come, be re-cruits for the King.
 children, come chil-dren, come,

I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES. (Chant.) *

W. T. G.

1st Division.

2nd Division.

All.

1st Division.	2nd Division.	All.
1. I will lift up mine eyes unto } the hills from whence } cometh my help.	My help cometh from the } Lord, who made } heaven and earth.	A - men.
2. He will not suffer thy foot to } be moved; he that keepeth thee } will not slumber.	Behold he that keepeth Is- } rael, shall not } slumber nor sleep.	
3. The Lord is thy keeper; the } Lord is thy shade upon thy } right..... hand.	The sun shall not smite } thee by day, nor the } moon by night.	
4. The Lord shall preserve thee } from all evil; he shall pre- } serve thy soul.	The Lord shall preserve } thy going out, and thy } coming in, from this time } forth, and even for-	ev - er more. A - men.

* The school should be divided into two divisions, chant responsively as indicated, all joining in the Amen.

WE WILL RALLY TO THE STANDARD.*

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountain."—ISA. 13: 2.

ADA BURNS WATKINS.

1. We will ral - ly to the stand - ard Of our bless - ed Lord and King, We will
 2. Chil - dren, come, our ranks are o - pen, We will give the wel - come hand, Come with
 3. He will give us peace and par - don, He will name us as His own, He will

gath - er 'neath His ban - ner, We to Him our hearts will bring, We will come to Him, our Sa - vior,
 us, our Prince is call - ing, Come and join our hap - py band, We have Je - sus for our Cap - tain,
 crown us with His glo - ry, He will guide us to the throne, Nev - er let us faint or fal - ter,

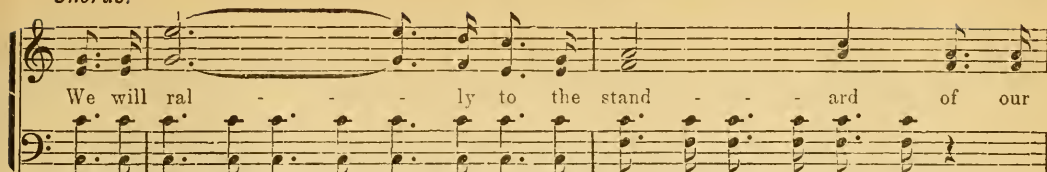
With His blood He hath us bought, He hath said: "Let little chil - dren Come to Me, for - bid them not,"
 He will keep us from all harm; Where He leads us we will fol - low, Trust - ing in His sav - ing arm.
 Nev - er wea - ry, nev - er wait; On - ward, on - ward, God is with us, On - ward to the gold - en gate.

* From the "Brilliant."

WE WILL RALLY TO THE STANDARD.—Concluded.


109

Chorus.



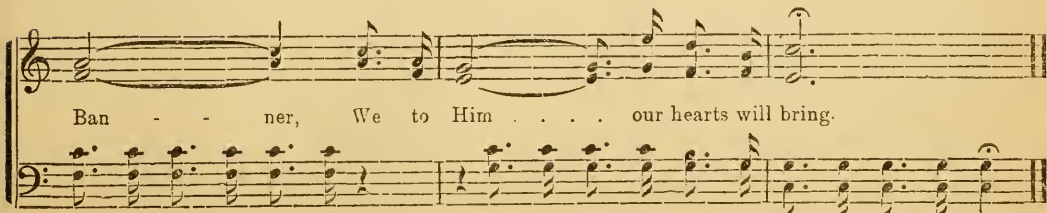
We will ral - - - ly to the stand - - - ard of our

We will ral - ly, yes, we'll ral - ly to the stand - ard, bless - ed stand - ard,



bless - - - ed Lord and King, Lord and King, We will gath - - - er'neath His

Of our bless-ed Lord and King, Lord and King, We will gath - er, yes, we'll gath-er,'neath His



Ban - - - ner, We to Him our hearts will bring.

ban - ner, glo - rious ban - ner, We to Him our hearts will bring, our hearts will bring.

COLUMBIA SHALL BE FREE.

(Temperance Glee.)

MRS. M. M. BAIN.

(Altered from the "Brilliant.")

1. We come a free and joy-ful throng, Our hearts are full of glee;
 2. The children are our country's hope, If they be firm and true, true;
 3. Heartbroken wives, cheer up, be brave, We're marching to your aid;
 Heart-broken wives cheer up, be brave, We're marching to your aid, to your aid;

Then list-en to our mar-tial song, Columbia shall be free, free.
 And no-bly with the monster cope, A blessed work they'll do, shall be free.
 We'll all u-nite the lost to save, Ere your last hope shall fade, they'll do.
 We'll all u-nite the lost to save, Ere your last hope shall fade, shall fade.

Co-lum-bia shall be free in-deed, From drunkenness and crime.
 The ven-ders of Columbia shall be free indeed, From drunkenness, from drunkenness and crime.
 And may the Lord the poisonous draught For mercy need not sue, need not sue.
 And may the Lord our strength renew, With vig-or from on high, from on high.

When teachers all shall bear the lead, We'll mark the happy time, (happy time.)
 When teachers all shall bear the lead, We'll mark the happy time.
 But they must seek an-oth-er craft, Or they'll have nought to do, (nought to do.)
 But they must seek an-oth-er craft, Or they'll have nought to do.
 Then we this might y work may do, And con-quer ere we die, (ere we die.)
 That we this might y work may do, And con-quer ere we die.

Chorus. Earnestly—Not too fast.

Let all the chil-dren of our land, In might y pha-lanx firm, A-
 Let all the chil-dren of our land, In might y pha-lanx firm, A-
 gainst the mon-ster take their stand, To save the ten-der germ.
 gainst the mon-ster take their stand, To save the ten-der germ.

JUST WAITING.

"I am just waiting for the last summons."—Last words of the Rev. David Lowry, D. D.
REV. W. T. DALE.

1. "Just waiting" the summons to wel-come me home, "Just waiting" the time when my Savior shall come
2. "Just waiting" to step from the bor-ders of time, "Just waiting" to en-ter the heav-en-ly clime;
3. "Just waiting" with an-gels and ser-aphs to fall, And worship the Sa-vior as Sovereign of all;

To take me a-way to his pal-ace on high, And give me a place with the saints in the sky.
"Just waiting" the fin-al a-dieu here be-low, "Just waiting" with Je-sus, my Sa-vior, to go.
"Just waiting" to tell of His triumph and fame, And shout in my ec-sta-sy, "Worthy the Lamb."

Chorus.

Wait-ing, . . . wait-ing, . . . "Just wait-ing" till Je-sus shall come.
On-ly wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing,

Wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, Wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, "Just wait-ing" till Je-sus shall come.

NEARER TO THEE.

W. T. G.
Moderato.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

W. T. G.

1. Near-er the crys-tal sea, Near-er e-ter-ni-ty, Near-er to heav'n, O may it be, I'm
2. Join-ing the choir a-bove, Sing-ing a song of love; O may we on-ly wor-thy prove, To

Chorus.

Dim. e rit.

near-er, my God, to Thee. Near-er to thee, Near-er to thee, Near-er would I be.
ev-er live near to Thee.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

"In the daytime also He led them with a cloud, and all the night though with the light of fire."

Slow, with feeling.

1st. time. 2nd. time.

1 { Lead, kind - ly light! a - mid th'en cir - cling gloom Lead thou me on; Lead thou me on.
 { The night is dark and I am far from home, (OMIT) . . .

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; One step e - nough for me. A - men.

p

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
 Should'st lead me on;
 I loved to choose, and see my path; but now
 Lead thou me on.
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not the past.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. **Amen.**

NEARER, OUR FATHER, TO THEE.

115

ALICE WILKINSON.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—HEB. 10 : 22.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. { Glo - ri - ous Foun - tain of In - fi - nite Love, Once a - gain come we to Thee;
 { Thank - ful - ly feel - ing that where - e'er we rove, Each day we're near - er to Thee.
 { Each heav - y bur - den we cast at Thy feet, Each bit - ter sor - row and care;
 { Glad - ly ac - cept we Thy mer - cy so sweet, Ren - der Thee prais - es and pray'r.
 3. { And when our earth - life of la - bor is o'er, What - e'er the fu - ture may be,
 { Grant, blest Cre - a - tor, that we ev - er - more, Still may draw near - er to Thee.

Chorus.

Near - - er to Thee, Near - er, our Fath - er, to Thee;
 Near - er, yes, near - er to Thee,

Duet.

{ Praises and thanks we would render Thee now, } While we draw nearer, evermore nearer, Near - er, our Fath - er, to Thee.
 { Low at the foot of Thy throne we would bow; }

THE GOLDEN LIGHT.

"And the light shineth in darkness.—JOHN 1:5.

J. A. SMITH.

J. A. SMITH.

1. There's a bright, e - ter - nal light of gold - en hue, Which sparkles as the morning dew;
 2. There's a nev - er fad - ing light, gleams far and wide, Which clouds of darkness can not hide.
 3. If we trust our Savior's voice, and heed His love, He'll guide us to the home a - bove;

It sheds its gold - en rays of liv - ing light, O'er land and sea and mountain height.
 It tells us of a Sa - vior's ten - der care, Of a land that's ev - er bright and fair.
 There the gold - en light will shine for ev - er - more, And pain and sor - row all be o'er.

Chorus.

O, gold-en light, O, pre-cious light, Shine up - on me from a - bove.
 O, golden light, O, precious light,

Rit.

Send thy sweet and heav'nly in-fluence down on me, And melt me with my Sa-vior's love.

FAREWELL, BUT NOT FOREVER.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,—REV. 14: 13.
(For Funerals.)

Andante. p

1. Brother! thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee, For thou art
2. Brother! thou art gone to rest; Thine is an earth-ly tomb, But Je-sus
3. Brother! thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er, And sor-row,
4. Brother! thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all for-giv'n, And saints in

f p Dim. p p pp *Rit. ad lib.*

gone where oft on earth Thy spir-it longed to be.
summoned thee a-way; Thy spir-it called thee home. Fare-well, but not for-ev-er
pain and suf-fring now Can thee dis-turb no more.
light have wel-com'd thee, To share the joys of heav'n. (After last stanza.)

SOWING AND REAPING.

"For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6:7.

T. J. SHELTON

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. In the com-ing har-vest time, We shall reap as we have sown; In the fin-al judgment day,
 2. In the ear-ly days of youth, We must sow for days to be; For the har-vest will be here,
 3. In the sum-mer sun-light fair, Are we sow-ing pre-cious seed? Are we ten-der, kind and true,
 4. In the autumn brown and sear, We shall gather up our store; Full of weal or full of woe,

Chorus.

In the world where hearts are known.
 And will bind or make us free. In the great "Har-vest Home," We shall
 Do we care for those who need.
 We shall nev-er har-vest more.

reap as we have sown; Sow-ing tares or gold-en grain, Will de-cide our loss or gain.

O SOUL, WHAT THEN.*

119

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise."—EPH. 5: 15.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Andante.

1. When life is slow - ly wan - ing, And death is draw - ing nigh, When the
 2. When loved ones gath - er 'round you, To give the last fare - well, When the
 3. When heav - en's gates are clos - ing, And all the saved are in, If thou

spir - it plumes its pin - ions, From earth a - way to fly, O soul, what then?
 soul is just de - part - ing, With spir - it - hosts to dwell, O soul, what then?
 hast no part with Je - sus, And art not cleansed from sin, O soul, what then?

Refrain.

What then. what then, O trem - bling soul, what then?
 What then, what then,

LOST AND FOUND.

DR. BONAR.

"I have found my sheep which was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

1. I was a wand ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Fath - er sought his child; He fol - lowed me o'er
 3. No more a wand ring sheep, I love to be con - trolled, I love my ten - der

Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con - trolled; I was a way-ward child, I
 vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild; He found me nigh to death, Fam -
 Shep-herd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold; No more a way-ward child, I

did not love my home, I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 ished and faint and lone; He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wand ring one.
 seek no more to roam; I love my heavenly Fath-er's voice, I love, I love his home.

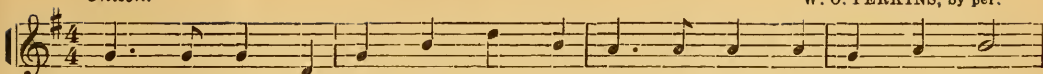
HERE AND YONDER.

121

"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14 : 2.

Unison.

W. O. PERKINS, by per.

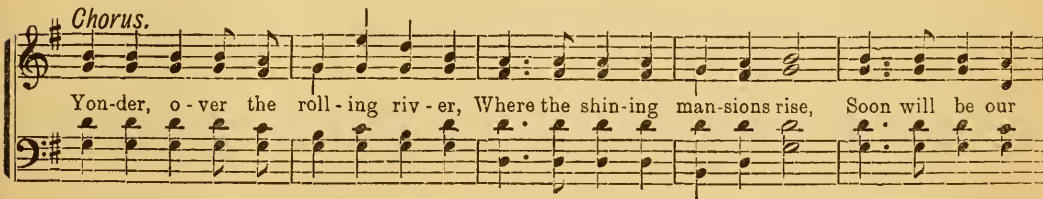


1. Here we are but stray - ing pil - grims, Here our path is oft - en dim;
2. Here our feet are oft - en wea - ry, On the hills that throng our way;
3. Here our souls are oft - en fear - ful, Of the pil - grim's lurk - ing foe;
4. Here our shad - owed homes are tran - sient, And we meet the strang - er's frown;

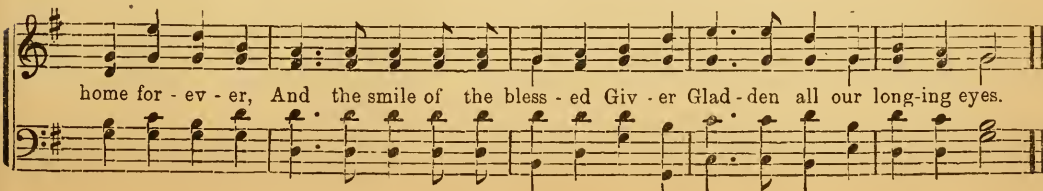


But to cheer us on our jour - ney, Still we sing this way - side hymn.
 Here the tem - pest dark - ly gath - ers, But our hearts with - in us say.
 But the Lord is our de - fend - er, And he tells us we may know.
 So we'll sing with joy while go - ing, E'en to death's dark bil - low down.

Chorus.



Yon - der, o - ver the roll - ing riv - er, Where the shin - ing man - sions rise, Soon will be our



home for - ev - er, And the smile of the bless - ed Giv - er Glad - den all our long - ing eyes.

WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE ?

Words by Mrs. J. P. HILLS.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle."—MATT. 20 : 6.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? Go work in my vine-yard! The Mas - ter is call - ing thee now; The
 2. Why stand ye here i - dle, While sin - ners are dy - ing? Go work in the vine-yard to - day; The
 3. Why stand ye here i - dle? The bright hours are wan - ing, There's work in the vine-yard for thee; From the

Chorus.

morn - ing is ling - ring, The sun is in - vit - ing, Go work in the vine-yard to - day.
 fields are all whitening, The har - vest is wait - ing, Go work in the vine-yard to - day. Go work, go
 ser - vants of Je - sus, "Come o - ver and help us," Is the call from the vine-yard to - day. Go work,

work, Go work in the vineyard to - day; Go work, go work, Go work in the vineyard to - day.
 go work, go work, go work,

THE HEAVENLY CALL.

123

REV. J. FLEMING.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11 : 28.

J. W. FOUTZ.

1. In the morn - ing Je - sus calls me? Joy - ous morning of my youth, "They that seek me
 2. In the morn - ing Je - sus calls me? Ere my youth has reached its prime, O to - day, my
 3. Is my day of mer - cy o - ver? O for - bid it, Lord, my God, I will come to

Chorus.

ear - ly find me, I'm the way, the life, the truth,"
 son, re - ceive me, Now is the ac - cept - ed time. Hear the Sa - vior's gen - tle knocking,
 Thee this mo - ment, Wash me, Sa - vior, in Thy blood.

cres.

Rit.

Hear His ear - nest, lov - ing plea, Oh, how pa - tient - ly He's wait - ing, Wait - ing now for me

HOME OVER THERE.

R. A. GLENN.

"For He hath prepared for them a city."—HEB. 11 : 16.

R. A. GLENN.

1. In that beau-ti - ful home o - ver there, Where the flowers shall fade never - more; There the sun ever shines bright and
 2. We will sing in that beau-ti - ful home, When the Robe and the Crown we shall wear, And the King in His beauty be-
 3. To our boun-ti - ful Giv-er a - bove, All arrayed in His splendor so fair, We will sing ev-er-more of His

Chorus.

fair, On the banks of the pearly white shore. In that home o - ver there, In that beautiful home over
 hold, On His throne with the angels so fair.
 love, When we meet in that home over there. In that beautiful home over there, by and by, In that beautiful home over

there, We will shine as the stars e - ver - more, In that beau-ti - ful home o - ver there.
 by and by, by and by, by and by.

Arranged from "Melodies of Praise," by per.

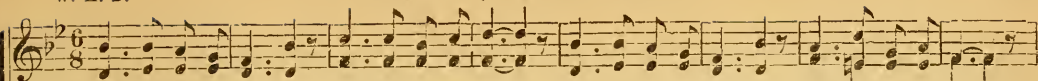
GO FIND IT IN JESUS.

125

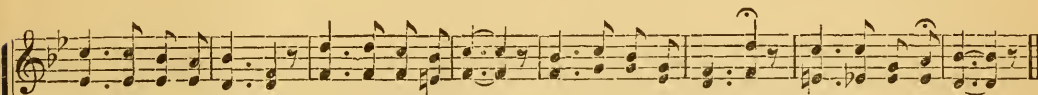
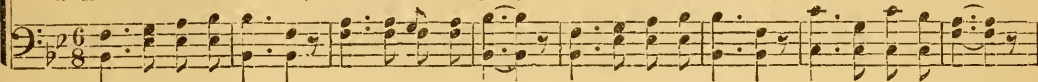
W. H. D.

"Seek me and ye shall live."—AMOS 5: 4.

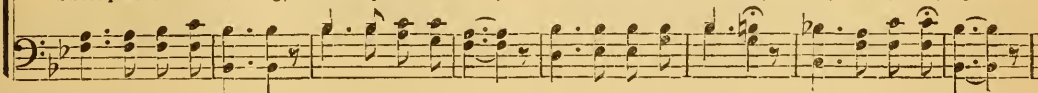
W. H. DOANE, by per.



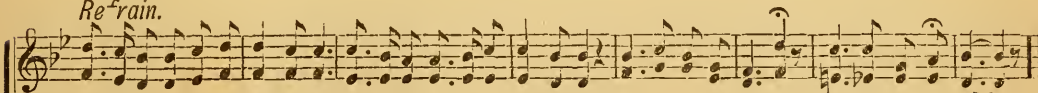
1. Poor child, thou art wea-ry, Thy home is not here; Why, why wilt thou languish, When help is so near?
2. Earth's pleasures have left thee, Oh, thou art de-ceived; Thy spir-it is wounded, Thy spir-it is grieved;
3. One look from thy Sa-vior, One smile of His love, One word of for-give-ness, Thy grief would re-move,
4. He will not desert thee, Nor leave thee to pine; There's rest on His bo-som, That rest may be thine.



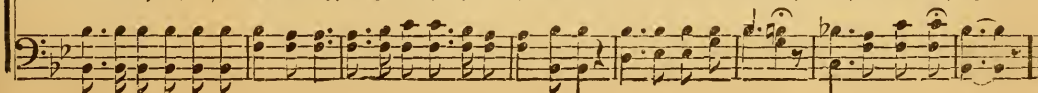
Thou longest for com-fort, Earth can-not be-stow;	Go find it in Je-sus,	Go, wea-ry one, go.
The balm that would heal thee, Friends cannot bestow;	Go find it in Je-sus,	Go, wea-ry one, go.
He sees ev-ery tear-drop, He feels for thy woe;	Go ask Him to bless thee,	Go, wea-ry one, go.
Sweet peace in be-liev-ing, What rap-ture to know;	Go find it in Je-sus,	Go, wea-ry one, go.



Refrain.



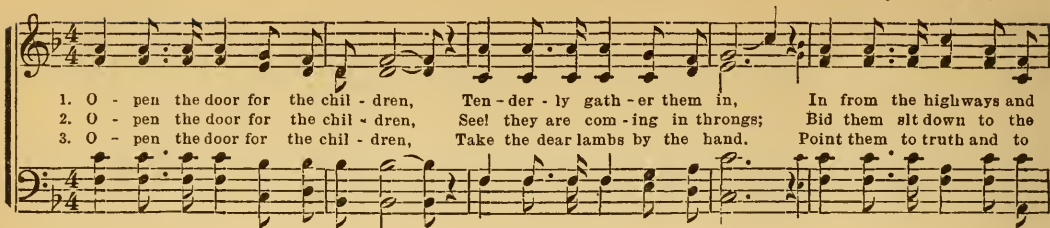
Go to thy Savior, He calls to-day; Linger not, linger not, why delay? Go humbly to Je-sus, Go, wea-ry one, go.




OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."—LUKE 18 : 16.

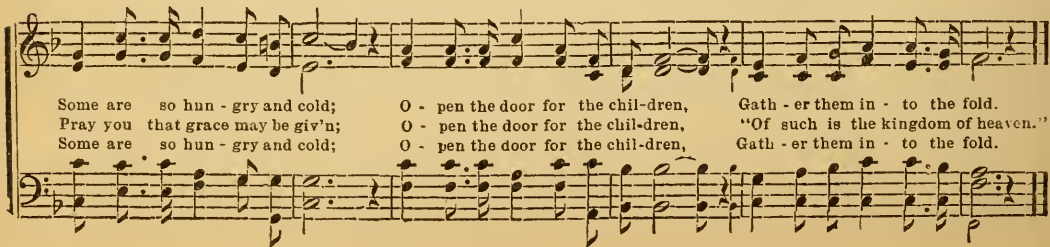
Music by J. C. DAVIS.



1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in, In from the highways and
 2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, See! they are com - ing in throngs; Bid them sit down to the
 3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand. Point them to truth and to



hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin; Some are so young and so help - less,
 ban - quet, Teach them your beau - ti - ful songs; Pray you the Fath - er to bless them.
 Je - sus, Point them to heav - en's bright land; Some are so young and so help - less,



Some are so hun - gry and cold; O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
 Pray you that grace may be giv'n; O - pen the door for the chil - dren, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 Some are so hun - gry and cold; O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

TAKE MY YOKE.

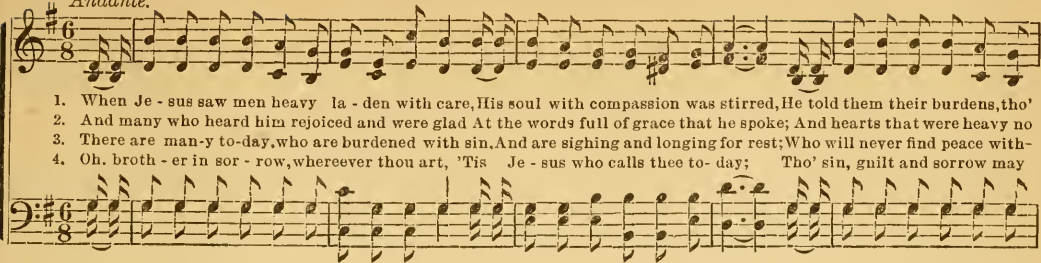
127

REV. H. R. TRICKETT.

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me."—MATT. 11 : 29.

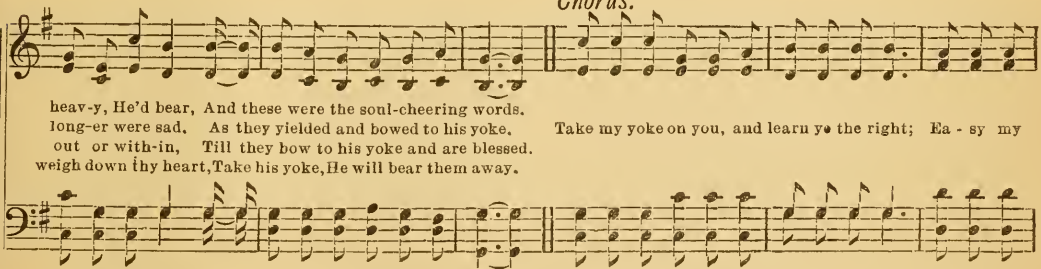
J. H. ROSECRANS.

Andante.

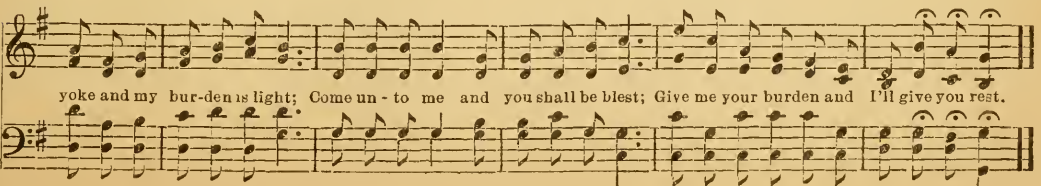


1. When Je - sus saw men heavy la - den with care, His soul with compassion was stirred, He told them their burdens, tho'
2. And many who heard him rejoiced and were glad At the words full of grace that he spoke; And hearts that were heavy no
3. There are man - y to - day, who are burdened with sin, And are sighing and longing for rest; Who will never find peace with -
4. Oh, broth - er in sor - row, wherever thou art, 'Tis Je - sus who calls thee to - day; Tho' sin, guilt and sorrow may

Chorus.

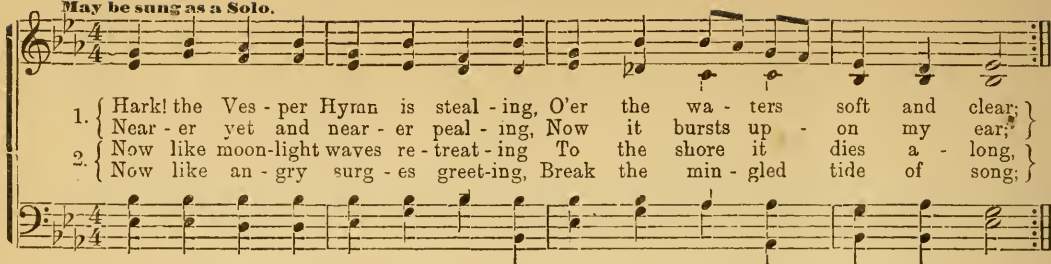


heav - y, He'd bear, And these were the soul-cheering words.
long - er were sad, As they yielded and bowed to his yoke. Take my yoke on you, and learn ye the right; Ea - sy my
out or with - in, Till they bow to his yoke and are blessed.
weigh down thy heart, Take his yoke, He will bear them away.



yoke and my bur - den is light; Come un - to me and you shall be blest; Give me your burden and I'll give you rest.

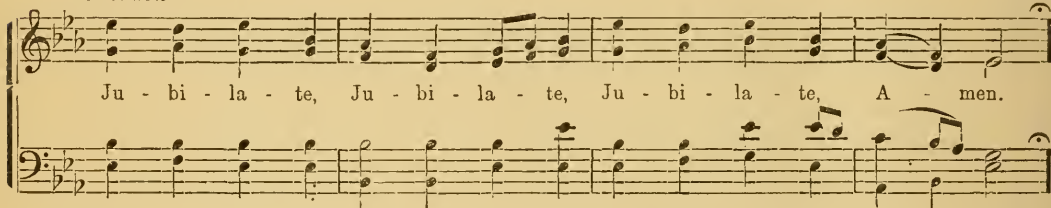
May be sung as a Solo.



1. { Hark! the Ves - per Hymn is steal - ing, O'er the wa - ters soft and clear; }
 { Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Now it bursts up - on my ear; }
 2. { Now like moon-light waves re - treat - ing To the shore it dies a - long, }
 { Now like an - gry surg - es greet - ing, Break the min - gled tide of song; }

♩ Chorus. *f*

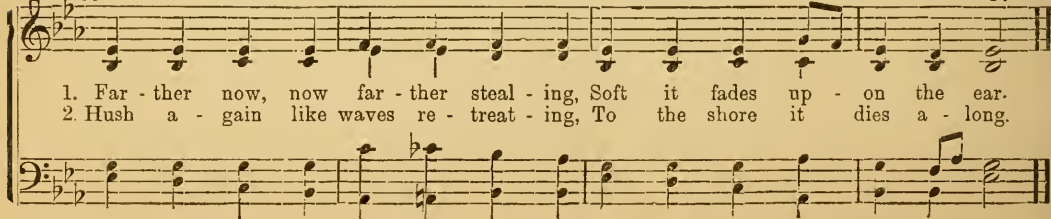
Fine.



Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

pp

♩ D.S.



1. Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
 2. Hush a - gain like waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long.

SEEDS OF LOVE.

129

MRS. R. N. TURNER.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—MARK 12 : 31.

W. S. MONTGOMERY.

1. Ev - 'ry lit - tle kindly deed, Done in faith and love, Ev' - ry gen - tle thought or word, Beareth fruit a - bove;
 2. Earth is full of wants and woes, Sorrow, sin and pain; And a cup of wa - ter giv'n, Blest reward will gain.
 3. Would it were the law of life, Lov - ing fel - low men! Ah! the gates of Par - a - dise Would be o - pen then.

For the seeds of love once sown In the hu-man heart, Mingled with its tendrils once, Time nor change can part.
 Lit - tle lab - rers in the field, Must their part fulfill, For of such Christ's kingdom is, All may work His will.
 But to la - bor and to wait, Patient, faith-ful, true, Is the one great task of love For us all to do.

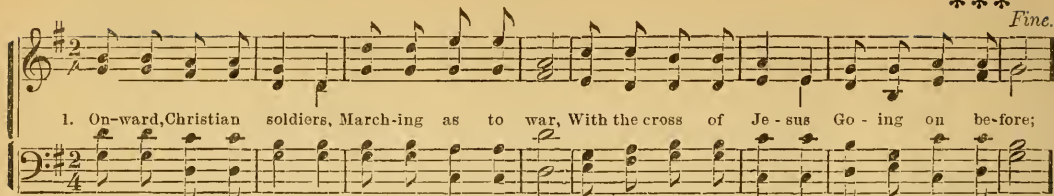
Chorus.

Lit - tle seeds Sown in love, Find their harvest up a - bove, Find their harvest up a - bove.
 Lit - tle seeds, Sown in love,

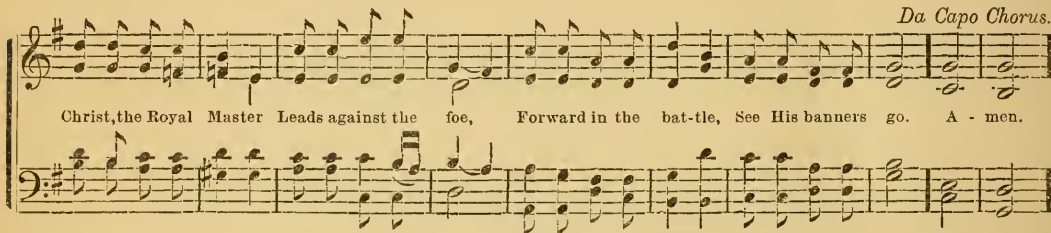
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

"Be strong and of good courage—And the Lord He it is that doth go before thee."

Fine.



CHORUS, Onward, Christian soldiers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.



Da Capo Chorus.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers, On to victory;
Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
<i>Chorus.</i></p> <p>3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have
trod;
We are not divided, All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
<i>Chorus.</i></p> | <p>4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and
wane.
But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot
fail.
<i>Chorus.</i></p> <p>5. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor Unto Christ, the King.
This through countless ages Men and angels sing.
<i>Chorus.</i></p> |
|--|--|

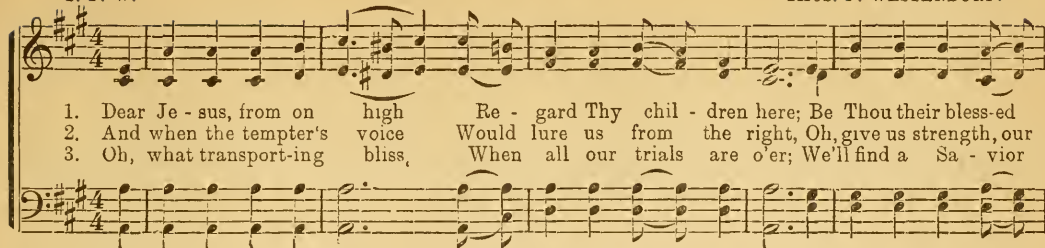
IN THE BRIGHT FOREVER MORE.

131

T. P. W.

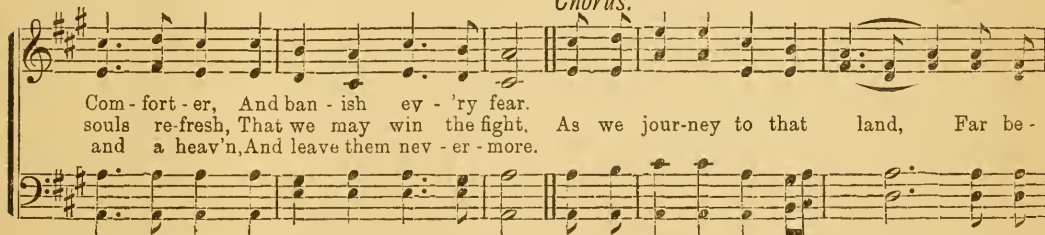
"My Father's house."—JOHN 14 : 2.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

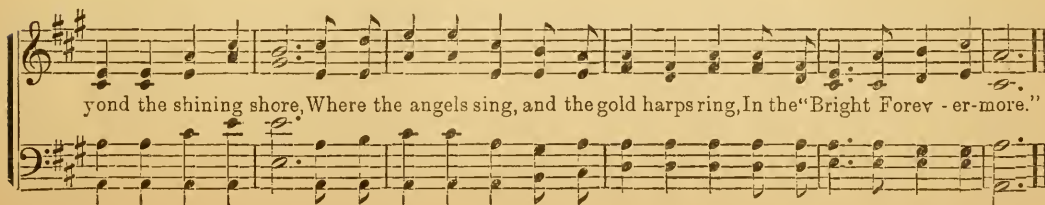


1. Dear Je - sus, from on high Re - gard Thy chil - dren here; Be Thou their bless-ed
 2. And when the tempter's voice Would lure us from the right, Oh, give us strength, our
 3. Oh, what transport-ing bliss, When all our trials are o'er; We'll find a Sa - vior

Chorus.



Com - fort - er, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
 souls re - fresh, That we may win the fight. As we jour - ney to that land, Far be -
 and a heav'n, And leave them nev - er - more.



yond the shining shore, Where the angels sing, and the gold harps ring, In the "Bright Forev - er - more."

OVER THE RIVER.

T. W. HUBBARD.

1. O-ver the river the crystal stream flows, Over the river the tree of life grows: Over the river each lone pilgrim goes,
 2. O-ver the river the streets are of gold, There are enjoyments and pleasures untold; Over the river time never grows old,
 3. There ev'ry tear shall be wip'd from our eyes, There, where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies; Lighting forever those fair upper skies,

Thro' the dim portals of death. Close by our threshold the dark Angel stands, Beck'ning us on with his pale trembling hands;
 Bearing the burden of years. There all our sighing and sorrows shall cease, Hushed by the chorus of heavenly peace;
 E - den's glad plains to a - dorn. Over the river, fair kingdom of light, There heaven's mansions forever are bright;

Chorus.

Chilling our hearts with the cold icy bands, Stealing each quivering breath. O - - ver the riv - er,
 O - ver the river, thrice happy release, We shall be free from our fears.
 O - ver the river there cometh no night, Long as e - ter-ni - ty's morn. Over the river the streets are of gold,

From "Song Garland," by per. of J. W. Saffern.

0 - - ver the riv - er, 0 - - ver the riv - er the streets are of gold.
There are enjoyments and pleasures untold, O - ver the riv - er time never grows old, Bearing his burden of years.

TILL WE MEET IN HEAVEN.

(For Funerals.)

W. T. G.

Andante.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen - tle as the sum-mer breeze; Pleasant as the air of evening,
2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num-ber,
3. Dear-est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel; But 'tis God that hath be - reft us,
4. Yet, a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled; Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee,

*Refrain. after last stanza.**Repeat pp.**p**p**m**p**p**m**Dim.*

When it floats among the trees.
Thou no more our songs shalt know, Farewell, fare-well, Till we meet in heav'n, Farewell, farewell, Till we meet in heav'n.
He can still our sorrow heal.
Where no farewell tear is shed.

"Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle,"—2 PETER, 1 : 14.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. We are jour - ney - ing to heav'n, To the home our Lord has giv'n; We shall
 2. There the flow'rs e - ter - nal bloom, There will be no death, no tomb; There is
 3. Full of song the glad free air, Sin nor grief can en - ter there; When we
 4. Lift thou up thy joy - ful eyes, See the heav'n - ly hills a - rise; From life's

Chorus.

walk the gold - en street, We shall sing in prais-es sweet. By and by, by and by, We shall
 light and love un - told, There the sum - mer ne'er grows old.
 pass that pearl - y gate, Where the an - gels watching wait.
 riv - er flow - ing free, Drink and live e - ter - nal - ly.

By and by, by and by,

pass the pearl-y gate; By and by, by and by, Where the an - gels watching wait.
 By and by, by and by,

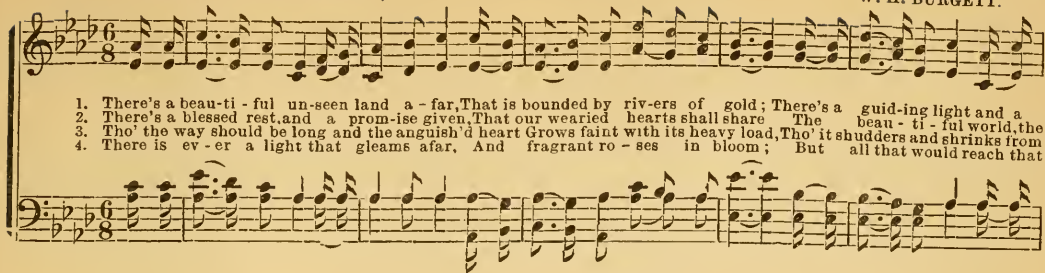
From "Pearly Gates," by per.

SOMEWHERE.

135

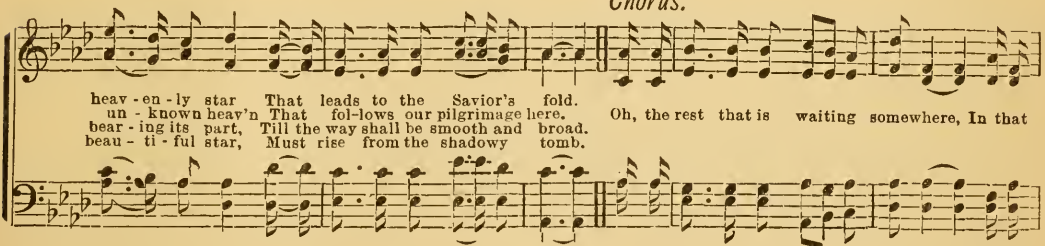
Words by MISS ABBIE C. McKEEVER,

W. H. BURGETT.

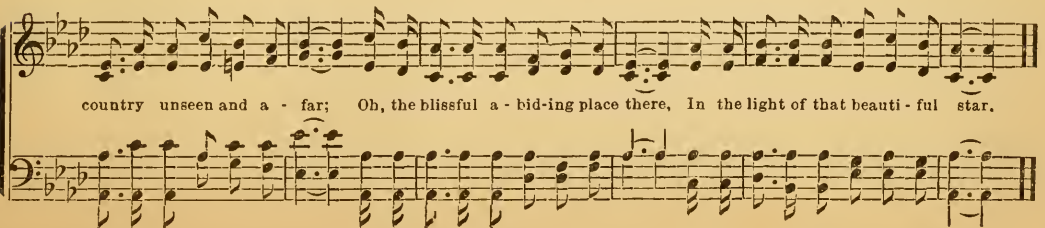


1. There's a beau-ti - ful un-seen land a - far, That is bounded by riv-ers of gold; There's a guid-ing light and a
2. There's a blessed rest, and a prom-ise given, That our wearied hearts shall share The beau - ti - ful world, the
3. Tho' the way should be long and the anguish'd heart Grows faint with its heavy load, Tho' it shudders and shrinks from
4. There is ev - er a light that gleams afar, And fragrant ro - ses in bloom; But all that would reach that

Chorus.



heav - en - ly star That leads to the Savior's fold.
un - known heav'n That fol-lows our pilgrimage here. Oh, the rest that is waiting somewhere, In that
bear - ing its part, Till the way shall be smooth and broad.
beau - ti - ful star, Must rise from the shadowy tomb.



country unseen and a - far; Oh, the blissful a - bid-ing place there, In the light of that beauti - ful star.

COME AND JOIN OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.*

C. P. JACOBS.

"Gathering together unto Him.—THESS. 2: 1.

J. M. PELTON.

1. Come and join our Sun-day School, Come and you will please us, Come and learn the gold-en rule,
 2. Je - sus loves the chil - dren all, All may have his fa - vor, He will hear the wee one's call,
 3. Come a - long and join our throng, Lit-tle sis - ter, broth-er; Bring your lit - tle playmates, too,

Come and sing for Je - sus, Je - sus is the chil-dren's friend, God, this Sa - vior gave us;
 Pre - cious, gra - cious Sa - vior, Suf - fer such to come to me, Mat - ters not how man - y;
 Each one help the oth - er, Fill the seats with hap - py rows, No more emp - ty plac - es;

Chorus.
 He will gra - cious bless - ings send, He will guide and save us.
 Love is read - y, grace is free, Do not hin - der an - y. Sing a - way this hap - py day
 God looks down and each one knows By their hap - py fa - ces.

Best of all the sev - en; Sab - bath skies and Sab - bath songs, Speak to us of Heav - en.

KEEP ME IN THY LOVE.

T. J. SHELTON,

"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God."—I JOHN 4: 16.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Savior, keep me in thy love; Draw me nearer to Thee; Wash me in the living stream, Let thy Spirit lead me.
 2. Savior, keep me in thy grace, May I leave thee never; Trusting in thy precious blood, Loving, trusting ev - er.
 3. Savior, keep me in thy truth, Bind me ev - er to Thee; Lead me by thy loving hand, Put thy arm a - round me.
 4. Savior, keep me in thy light, Nev - er, nev - er leave me; When I pass thro' death's dark vale, Light the way before me.

Chorus.

In thy love! in thy love! Keep my heart, dear Savior; Till I reach the per - fect love In the bright for - ev - er

THE BEAUTIFUL WAY.

W. A. OGDEN.

"Lead me in Thy truth."—Ps. 25, 5,

W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

1. Ten-der-ly lead us, Sa-vior a - bove, In - to the depths of Thy heaven - ly love; Guide Thou our steps by
 2. Guard Thou our weakness, Savior di - vine, O - ver our lives let Thy brightness ere shine; Then, tho' death's shadow
 3. What tho' our sky with storms be o'ercast, What tho' a - round us howl sin's bit-ter blast; If from thy side we

night and by day, Safe in the walks of the "beau-ti-ful way."
 cloud the bright day, Safe-ly we'll walk in the "beau-ti-ful way." Guide us, oh Savior, Guide us, oh Savior, Safe in the
 nev - er shall stray, We shall reach home in the "beautiful way."

walks of the "beau-ti-ful way;" Guide us, oh Savior, Guide us, oh Sa-vior, Safe in the walks of the "beau-ti-ful way."

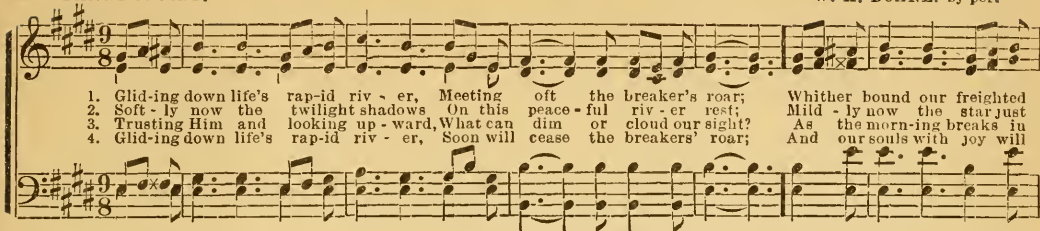
GLIDING DOWN LIFE'S RAPID RIVER.

139

FANNY CROSBY.

"At evening time it shall be light."—ZECH. 14: 7.

W. H. DOANE. by per.



1. Glid-ing down life's rap-id riv - er, Meeting oft the breaker's roar; Whither bound our freighted
2. Soft - ly now the twilight shadows On this peace - ful riv - er rest; Mild - ly now the star just
3. Trusting Him and looking up - ward, What can dim or cloud our sight? As the morn-ing breaks in
4. Glid-ing down life's rap-id riv - er, Soon will cease the breakers' roar; And our souls with joy will


Refrain.



ves - sel. Is her port fair Canaan's shore?
ris - ing, Greet us from the ros - y west.
splen - dor, So the eye - ning will be light.
an - chor, Shouting glo - ry ev - er - more.

Glid - ing down life's rap - id riv - er, Faith will

Gliding down life's rapid riv - er, now Faith will



cheer us o'er the tide, If our course is heav'n direct - ed, If our helm the Sa - vior guide.

cheer, yes cheer us o'er the tide, If our daily course is heav'n directed still, If our helm the blessed Savior guide.

WE GATHER IN THE CHILDREN.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—MARK 10 : 14.

W. T. GIFFE.

Moderato.

1. We gather in the children From ev - 'ry street and lane, To train them up for Je - sus, E - ter - nal life to gain;
 2. We gather in the children De - vout - ly to im - part The Sa - vior's bless - ed gos - pel To ev'ry youthful heart;
 3. We gather in the children To teach them how to sing, As did they in the temple, "Hosan - na to our King;"
 4. We gather in the children With loving hearts and true, And may we ne'er grow weary, While there is aught to do;

For this we band togeth - er, And join in fervent pray'r, That Christ, the gracious teacher, Would bless our earnest care.
 Oh, may the Spirit guide us, Its joy - ful lines to trace, And while we try to teach them, May He bestow the grace.
 And while we tune our voices To sing with sweet ac - cord, Oh, may they call Him blessed, Their Savior and their Lord.
 Tho' hard may be the la - bor, Tho' toiling we be long, And tears bedew the sowing, We'll bind the sheaves with song.

Chorus.

We bring them, bless - ed Sa - - - vior, A way from earth's a - larms;
 We bring them, blessed Savior, Away from earth's alarms, We bring them, blessed Savior, A - way from earth's a-larms;

Oh, take and gent - ly fold . . them, Within Thy lov - ing arms.
 Oh, take and gently fold them Within Thy lov - ing arms, Oh, take and gent - ly fold them Within Thy lov - ing arms.

PURER IN HEART.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON,

"Help Thou me."—Ps. 119 : 86.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de-vote my life Whol-ly to Thee.
 2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do Thy will Most lov - ing-ly.
 3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy ho - ly face One day may see.

Watch Thou my way-ward feet, Guide me with coun-sel sweet, Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
 Be Thou my friend and guide, Let me with Thee a - bide, Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
 Keep me from se - cret sin, Reign Thou my soul with - in, Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

From "Songs of Gratitude," by P. L.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"He hath prepared for them a city." HEB. 11: 16.

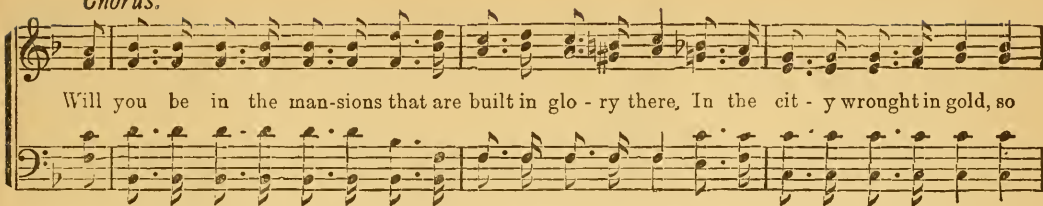
W. A. OGDEN.

Moderato.

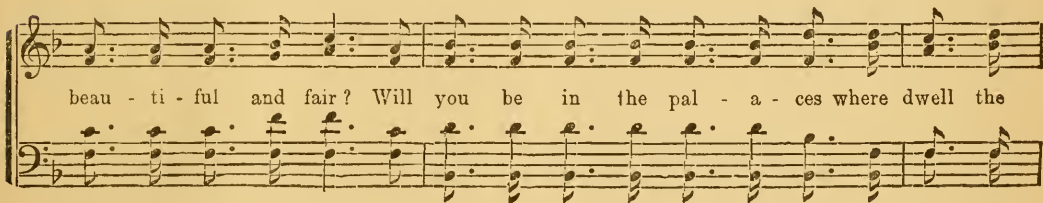
1. When Je-sus and His ran-som'd ones have entered heaven's door, To oc - cu - py the man -
 2. When ev - 'ry soul that will be sav'd has entered heav-en's gate, When cries for mer - cy from
 3. When God de-clar-es by trum - pet voice that time shall be no more, When judge-ment with its thrill

sions there for - ev - er - more, Will you be num - bered with the host thus
 the lost will be too late, When all have been re - ward - ed as their
 ing scenes is ful - ly o'er, When all their sen - tence have re-ceived, and

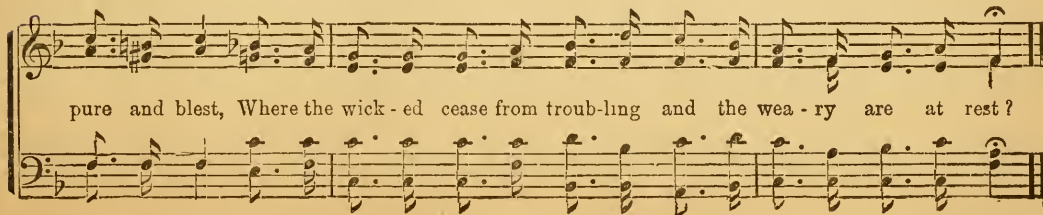
tru - ly, tru - ly blest? Will you be in the cit - y where the wea - ry are at rest?
 deeds on earth have been, Will you a-mong the ran-som'd ones in heav - en then be seen?
 to their doom have pass'd, Will you be num-ber'd with the sav'd, or with the lost at last?

Chorus.

Will you be in the man-sions that are built in glo - ry there, In the cit - y wrought in gold, so



beau - ti - ful and fair? Will you be in the pal - a - ces where dwell the



pure and blest, Where the wick - ed cease from troub-ling and the wea - ry are at rest?

BEAR THY CROSS.

NELLIE V. MAYHEW.

Moderato

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3:14.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On - ward press, thy cross still bear - ing, And as heav - en thou art
 2. Tho' thy cross be hard to car - ry. Do not by the way-side
 3. Hark! the heav'n - ly choir is ring - ing, An - gel voi - ces sweet-ly
 4. Haste then, for a Sa - vior's greet - ing Waits for thee and time is

near - ing, Watch the bea - con light. Up - ward, for a crown is
 tar - ry, Nor in by - ways roam; For a - round thee light is
 sing - ing, Cheer - ing thee to - day. Thro' the "Gates A - jar" all
 fleet - ing, Soon will come the night. Pil - grim on, thy cross still

gleam - ing, And a Sa - vior's smile still beam - ing, Makes thy pathway bright.
 fall - ing, And God's voice so gent - ly call - ing, Bids thee hast-en home.
 gleam - ing, Rays of gold are soft - ly stream - ing, O'er thy thorn-y way.
 bear - ing, And as heav - en thou art near - ing, Watch the bea-con light.

I AM PERSUADED.

145

S. S. GORBY.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. I am per-suad-ed, Lord, to be-lieve, Read-y and will-ing Thee to re-ceive,
 2. Thou hast a dwell-ing Deep in my heart; With Thee, my Sa-vior, I have a part;

Of thy rich mer-cies, Lord, Give me a part, Make thee a dwell-ing place, Deep in my heart,
 With a full faith I come, Je-sus, to Thee, Ful-ly per-suad-ed that Thou'lt suc-cor me.

Chorus.

I am per-suad-ed, Christ to re-ceive; Send down thy blessing now, Lord, I be-lieve.

THEY ARE WAITING.

"And they sing the song of Moses—and the song of the Lamb."—REV. 15. 3.

C. R. LEFTWICH.

C. B. LEFTWICH.

1. Far, far a-way in the re-gions im-mor-tal, Je-sus, our Sa-vier, waits us there,
 2. There are our friends who have passed on before us, Wait-ing to bid us wel-come there;
 3. Oh, may we each one be read-y to meet them, Meet in that sweet ce-les-tial clime;

Waits to re-ceive us at the pearl-y por-tals, With the shin-ing an-gels in the air.
 Wait-ing with robes and crowns all vic-to-rious, In that hap-py land so bright and fair.
 Meet there to sing our Great Re-deem-er's prais-es, Meet to sing our Sa-vior's love di-vine.

Chorus.

They are wait-ing for us there; They are wait-ing for us there, . . .
 They are wait - ing, Waiting for us there, They are wait - ing, Waiting for us there,

From the "Brilliant."

THEY ARE WAITING.—Concluded.

147

They are waiting for us there, In that hap-py land so bright and fair.

At the pearly gates they're waiting, Waiting for us there, In that hap - py land so bright and fair.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

Words by CHAS. MACKEY.

"Quit you like men."—1st. Cor., 16 : 13.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Stand for the right! tho' false-hood rail, And proud lips cold-ly sneer; A poisoned ar-row
 2. Stand for the right! and with clean hands Ex-alt the truth on high; Thon't find warm sym-pa-
 3. Men who have seen, and tho't and felt, Yet could not bold-ly dare The bat-tle's brunt, but
 4. Stand for the right! proclaim it loud! Thon't find an auswering tone In hon-est hearts, and

Fine. Refrain.

D.S.

can - not wound A conscience pure and clear.
 thiz - ing hearts Among the pass - ers by.
 by thy side Willey - 'ry dan - ger share.
 thou't no more Be doomed to stand a - lone.

Stand for the right! Stand, stand for the right!
 Stand for the right!

THE JUDGE STANDS AT THE DOOR.

H. R. TRICKETT.
Moderato.

"Behold the Judge standeth before the door."—JAMES 5: 9.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Oh, go now ye sin - ners and weep; Go, mourn for the sor - rows to come; Think
 2. The Lord God of Sa - ba - oth sees The guilt that lies bur - ied with - in, He
 3. Oh, sin - ners, the Judge will for - give, Will you from your sins turn a - way? Through

not that your God is a - sleep, Nor Al-might - y Jus-tice is dumb; He tells you to - day, He has
 knows how de - ceit-ful the pleas You make as ex - cus - es for sin; He warns you to - day, He has
 Je - sus you ev - er may live, Oh, yield to the Sa - vior to - day! He waits for your answer, He

Rit. *Chorus. Tempo.*

told you be - fore, "I see you, I hear you, I stand at the door."
 warned you be - fore, "I heed you, I mark you, I stand at the door." Behold, the Judge stands at the door! To
 tells you once more, "Believe me, o - bey me, I stand at the door."

Rit.

save, or condemn you he stands; He'll save you to-day, No long-er do - lay, Oh, brother, o - bey his com - mands.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

J. B. GAMBLE.

"The true light now shineth."—JOHN 22 : 32.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Je - sus, let the light of truth, Shin - ing from the sacred page, Cheer our pathway now in youth,
2. When around us storms a - rise, And o'erhead the clouds are black, Send a light athwart our skies
3. Then when life with us is o'er, And we cross death's chilly wave, May we land on heaven's shore,

Be our con-stant stay in age, Cheer our pathway now in youth, Be our constant stay in age.
Drive the fear - ful dark-ness back, Send a light athwart our skies, Drive the fear-ful darkness back.
Guid - ed by thy pow'r to save, May we land on heaven's shore, Guid - ed by 'hy pow'r to save.


GOOD NIGHT.

(Closing Piece for Concerts.)

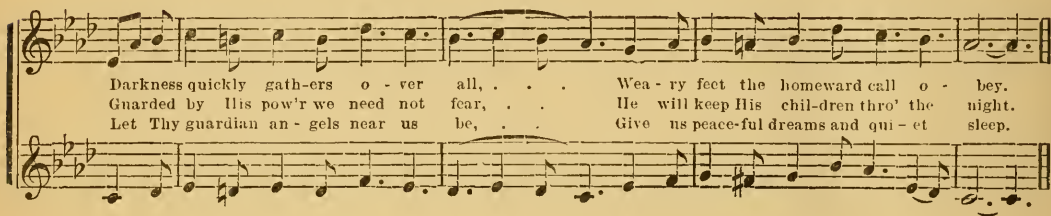
W. T. GIFFE.

*** by per.

DUET.

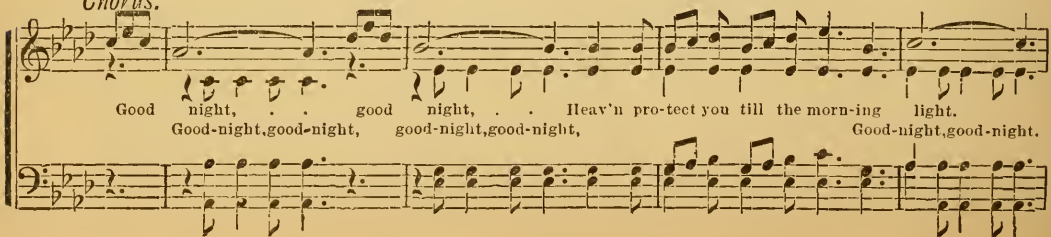


1. Night has let her sa - ble cur - tain fall, Shut-ting out from view the light of day;
 2. Thro' the day, 'Mid scenes of toil and care, . . . God has safe - ly kept us by His might;
 3. We commit ourselves, oh God, to thee, . . . Hum - bly ask - ing thee our souls to keep;



Darkness quickly gath-ers o - ver all, . . . Wea - ry feet the homeward call o - bey.
 Guarded by His pow'r we need not fear, . . . He will keep His chil-dren thro' the night.
 Let Thy guardian an - gels near us be, . . . Give us peace-ful dreams and qui - et sleep.

Chorus.



Good night, . . . good night, . . . Heav'n pro-ject you till the morn-ing light.
 Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night, Good-night, good-night.

GOOD NIGHT.—Concluded.

151

Repeat piano and dim. after last stanza.

Good night,..... good night,..... Peaceful dreams be with you thro' the night,.....
 Good night,good night, good night,good night, good night,good night,

AMERICA. National Hymn.

Maestoso.

Words by S. F. SMITH,

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

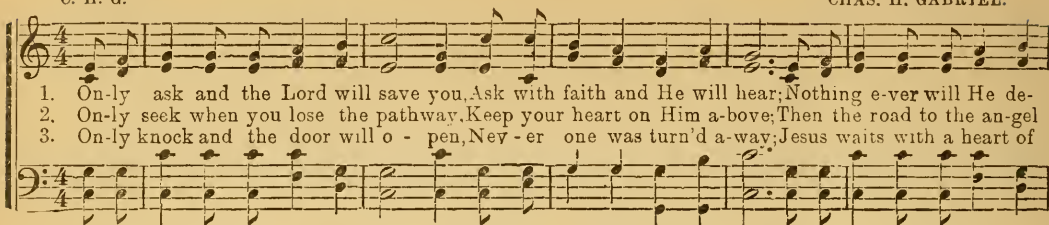
fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

ASK, SEEK, KNOCK.

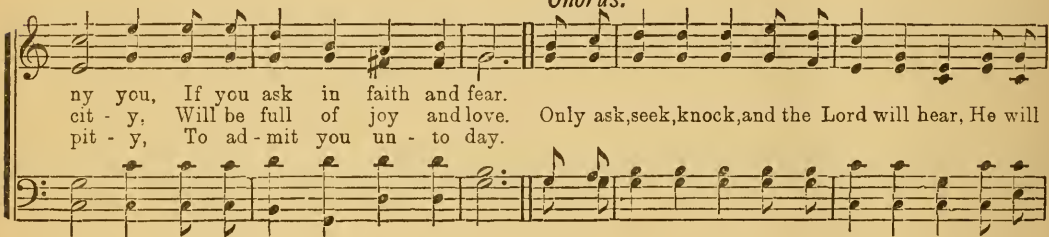
"Ask, and it shall be given unto you, seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—MATT. 7:7.

C. H. G.

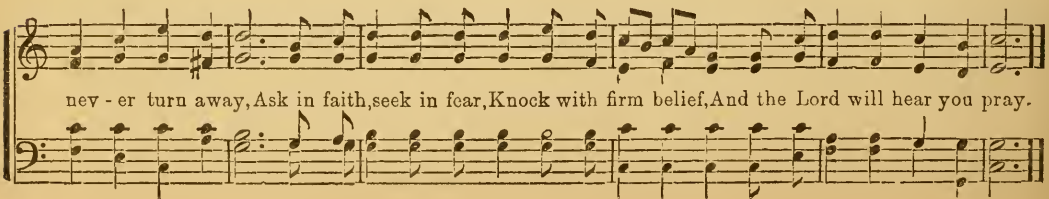
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. On-ly ask and the Lord will save you, Ask with faith and He will hear; Nothing e-ver will He de-
 2. On-ly seek when you lose the pathway, Keep your heart on Him a-bove; Then the road to the an-gel
 3. On-ly knock and the door will o - pen, Nev - er one was turn'd a-way; Jesus waits with a heart of

Chorus.


ny you, If you ask in faith and fear.
 cit - y, Will be full of joy and love. Only ask, seek, knock, and the Lord will hear, He will
 pit - y, To ad-mit you un - to day.



nev - er turn away, Ask in faith, seek in fear, Knock with firm belief, And the Lord will hear you pray.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

153

H. R. PALMER.
DUETT.

"Quit yourselves like men."—I Cor. 16: 13.

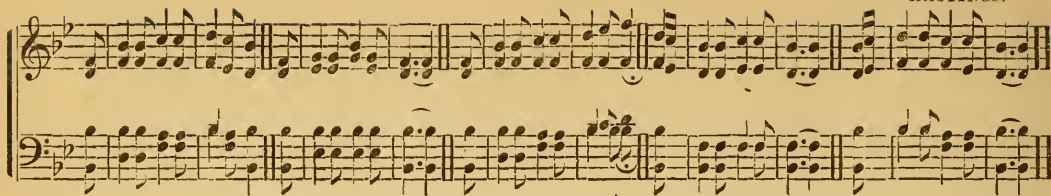
H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For weakness is sin; Each vic - t'ry will help us, Some oth - er to win;
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan - guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev' - rence, Nor take it in vain;
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall conquer, Tho' of - ten cast down;

Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Be thoughtful and earn - est, kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 He who is the Sa - vior, Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

Chorus.

Ask the Sa - vior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

**His Quickening Power.**

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Sweet hour of prayer.

- 1 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

The Absence of the Spirit.

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

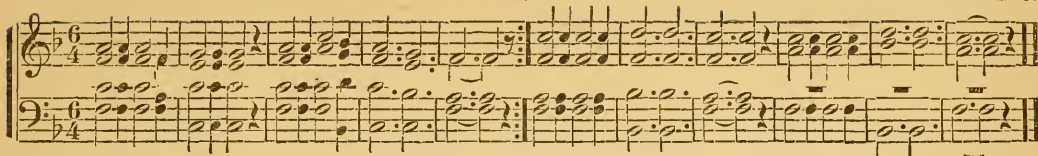
Morning Worship.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness:
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Nearer, my God, to thee.

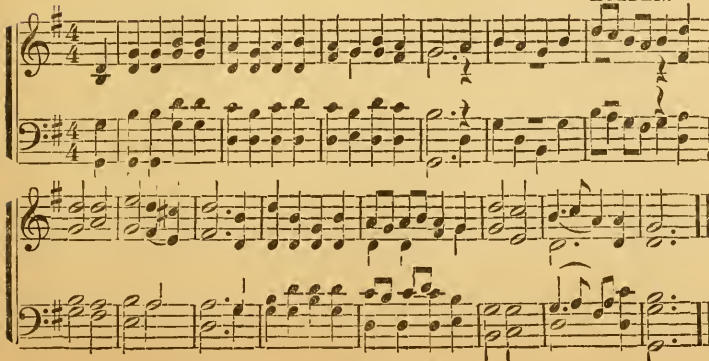
- (TUNE; BETHANY.)
- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee!
 - 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down;
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, etc.

- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, etc.
- 4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, etc.

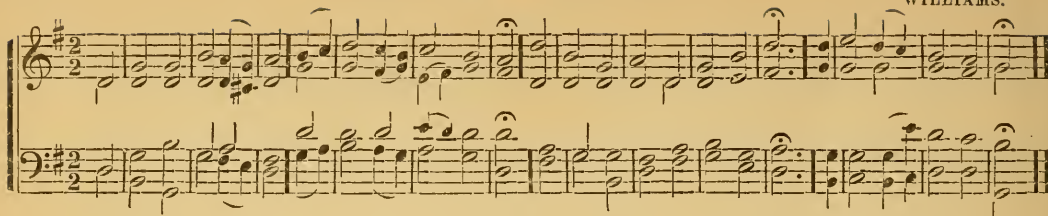
Fine.**JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.**

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

CORONATION. C. M.*HOLDEN.***CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.**

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all,
3. Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
4. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

**Love for Zion.**

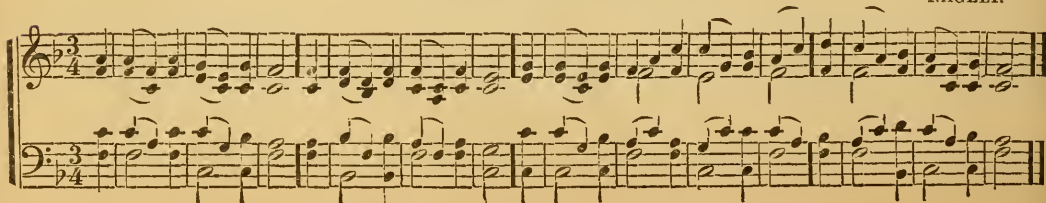
- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Glory Begun Below.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas.
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

Exhortation to Thanksgiving.

- 1 Arise, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Oh for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.
- 3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours,
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.
- 4 Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

DENNIS. S. M.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care;
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake
thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield
thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Come Thou Fount.

1.

Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2.

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3.

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which
Be of sin the double cure, (flowed,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

I love to Tell the Story.

- 1 I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love,
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.
- CHORUS.—I love to tell the story,
"Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.
- 2 I love to tell the story,
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—CHO.
- 3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—CHO.
- 4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best,
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long. CHO.

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